TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The robins sang in the orchard,
The buds into blossoms grew,
Little of trouble or sorrow
The buds or the blossoms knew.

The news of Whittier's death recalls this little verse to me, for it is one of the first I ever learned and it somehow links the tastes of my earlier days to the sweetly simple songs of the poet who has just passed away. I must confess to not being poetically inclined; verse is less attractive to me than prose, and if I were to quote the simple little rhyming lines over which my memory passes to the first poetry I ever read and appreciated, the next span of the bridge would be:

The day is done, and darkness falls from the wings of night
As a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in its flight.

Longfellow and Whittier and Bryant and the simpler things of Tennyson and Moore and Byron were the only poems which were possible to a matter-of-fact appreciation like mine. Really, it is not an appreciation of poetry that makes us like these pretty rhymes, nor is it necessarily any high order of tune; it is merely a love of jingling bells, sweet to the ignorant as the cultured, as natural to every human being as the love of a fife and drum band is to a street boy. It has often seemed to me that "real poetry," what is called a "high order of verse," a "grand conception," a "lofty expression," "genius," and all that sort of thing, often involves or is involved by incomprehensible expression. Browning and those poets who have to be approached with a magnifying glass and an encyclopædia and a dictionary, might as well never have written, so far as I am concerned. If what a man thinks is not apparent in what he writes, if I have to hunt around to find out whether I am smart enough to read "real lofty" verse, I simply pass on. I am not spending my days trying to find out whether the man who wrote Mary Had a Little Lamb meant by it that Mary had a grand idea, that the lamb was symbolical and that Mary was a generic term and that the "fleece as white as snow" meant a regenerated and incomprehensibly pure and beautiful something which no somebody had somethinged.

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These remarks are introductory to a desire I feel to express my belief that Whittier was a grand enough poet for most of us. He was an honest, lovely-minded man and his verse was sweet and good if it was not grand. Amongst American poets I go to Bryant for grandeur, and I can find it there too.

What the world most cares for in poetry is the heart song. Whittier's poetry would be styled by the ordinary editor "good newspaper verse." It could be put before the general newspaper reader with full confidence that he would read it and like it, and that he would not say that the editor was crazy in giving out half a pound of words with no meaning to the stuff. Who on this continent is there who has read poetry at all or looked at pictures, who has not somewhere come across a picture of Maud Muller, who did certain things on "a summer day" connected with "hay" and a "judge," and that sort of thing? The song has been parodied and recited till it is as common as Barbera Freitche and Curfew Shall not Ring To night. High class critics while admitting that he was a grand and beautiful character, may deny that Whittier was a great poet. Perhaps he was not a poet; if not, we need a new word and may let "poet" go where "lady" has gone since it has become the property of the saleslady and the washlady. I do not think we need to be told what a poet is. I have always shared in the general belief that a poet is a man who writes poetry. I never tried to wear the name myself, but in my newspaper experience I have seen at least twenty thousand who have been anxious to write "poet" after their name and have not been worthy of the title. Everyone who writes doggerel verse is not entitled to the name, yet if I were judge at the poetry fair I would call Whittier a poet, and some of the metaphysical, meteorological, unintelligible verse-twisters who are said to have a "subtle meaning" would be classed as men baying at the moon and keeping people awake nights wondering what is the matter. A poet must be like every other writer; he must be intelligible; he is great only as his thoughts are great, beautiful, pure. If pretty words and sweet sounds and the rhyming of lovely thoughts leave forever within the mind an echo of the beautiful, surely that author can be called a poet. One of these was John Greenleaf Whittier, and as we think of him we cannot but love him. The world is better that he lived; the English language is softer and gentler that he has written; the human heart has been uplifted and purified by his songs; the orchard and the farmhouse, the fireside and the family have all lent their sweetness to the verses of this simple, good man. That his pen is idle, that we speak of him as belonging to the past are saddening thoughts; that there are no clubs and societies who are likely to organize for the study of his meaning adds nothing to our sorrow that he is gone. The place of the Quaker poet will not soon be filled, and while this generation survives and many others come and go he will be unforgotten. Perhaps he may not pass down as one of the classics, but what he has written will find a place so long as life lasts and the human heart applauds the beautiful and good.

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Poetry is like music. Classical poetry is as unintelligible as Wagner. Pilgrimages have to be made to Bayreuth that Parsifal, Lohengrin and kindred operas may be properly interpreted. No doubt we should strive to appreciate such things, but as far as I am concerned Jesus, Lover of My Soul, and Annie Laurie are as high types of religious and secular songs as I can fully grasp. I have become sufficiently educated to know that when a man tinkles and roars up and down a piano he is interpreting some emotion in a musical manner, but whether it is cholera or amorousness, jim-jams or a wall to the gods I am undecided until I look at my programme. I have no doubt that classical music is awfully good; if it has a tune to it I like it, but when it begins to andante and arpeggio and tear loose from every notion that I have of sweet sound I can do nothing but look wise and applaud when it is over. I think the hypocrisy which the majority of us exemplify at a classical concert would make Judas weary. Yet I suppose it is very proper that our standard should be high, and there is one good feature about it, that after a thing becomes thoroughly unintelligible we cannot criticize it. I must admit that in music and poetry and prose—and in prose how much poetry there may be—what makes me feel like laughing or crying, that which causes my vagrant memory to find sweet and pretty things amongst echoes of the past and hopes for the future, is to me music, poetry. If a little tune echoes in my ear, carrying with it sweet thoughts, I care not whether it is a tune played on a hand organ or a piece of fugitive verse which has become attached to me from a newspaper, it is sweet and lovely just the same. I think even though our taste may be despised by the critics we can afford to applaud those who write and sing the songs of the heart rather than the distractingly great things which are just a little too great to mean anything to us common people.

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I believe in truth, in absolute honesty in those confessions which we are always forced to make to one another in conversation when we begin comparing our likes and dislikes. It is absolutely necessary that we should be true to our ideals always; that we should not affect to despise that which at heart we love, nor to make believe that which intellectually we are incapable of understanding is what we admire. It does not follow that we should cease to pursue in an educational way higher ideals. We may love and understand simple songs while striving to grasp something higher and greater, but at no period of our education can we afford to lie about what we like, either to ourselves or other people.

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The presence in London of Mr. Van Horne and other directors of the Canadian Pacific has led to many comments as to whether their mission is or is not the establishment of a fast line of steamers between Canada and the Old Country. In Canada there is a general desire for a good and speedy line from here to an Old Country port. In England there is a general belief that such a line would pay, but unfortunately this faith is held mostly by those who have no money to invest in such an enterprise. Capitalists have for these many years been influenced by the Allans, who claim they have as good a line as the route will stand. Of course it has been to the interest of the Allans to have such an impression go abroad, for during its prevalence they are enabled to make money which with proper competition they could never again make. The Dominion and Beaver lines have, in my estimation, been doing more to popularize the Canadian route than the Allan line has done, but I imagine that it has been reserved for the Canadian Pacific Company to lend their great name—already celebrated the world over for enterprise and the greatest possible efforts to make their passengers contented and comfortable—to a fast Canadian line across the Atlantic. They would have many advantages, possessing as they do a transcontinental railway and a line of steamers to Asia. Their name, as I have already suggested, would be a guarantee of comfort and elegance, speed and safety. The Canadian Pacific has sometimes given Toronto the worst of it, but in the settlement of the Esplanade dispute, for instance, we found how much more prompt and generous they were in doing business than the Grand Trunk has always shown itself to be. For many reasons every Canadian should hail with pleasure the prospect of having the C. P. R. entering into the long needed Atlantic service.

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I, for one, am thoroughly tired of hearing our neighbors in the republic to the south of us threatening to withdraw our "bonding privilege." All we need is to develop our seaports, and the most important outgoing freight, of American production, after it once enters Canada will have no reason for re-entering the United States. On the other hand, the freight which now comes to Boston and New York addressed to Canada would come to our own seaports and find no necessity of passing through United States territory. I enquired when in London recently as to the proportion of freight which comes to Montreal and New York destined for Ontario. At one large forwarding house I learned that there are some fifty thousand packages which come to this province annually by way of New York, the freight on which averages four or five dollars a parcel. It would be safe to estimate that at least a quarter of a million dollars' worth of freight comes here from Great Britain by New York that would come by a Canadian seaport if the service were better and the freight rates as low. Then think of our European imports—from Italy, Germany, France, Switzerland and other countries. Talk about bonding being a "privilege!" It gives the trunk lines in the United States and the steamship lines running to Boston and New York the "privilege" of carrying our freight and passengers. If we were half as enterprising as we should be, we would consider the bonding "privilege" as belonging to the Yankees, not to us. Surely it is not one of our "privileges" that we enable them to earn our money and add to their profits thereby. Of course if the Canadian steamship companies were to combine against the shipper, if they had a monopoly of the carrying trade, it might seem dangerous to abandon this bonding arrangement. But with the ocean freckled with "tramp" steamers ready to run to any port to which they can obtain a profitable cargo, this danger is very slight.

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I do not mean to infer from what I have said that the steamship lines connecting Canada with the British Islands, even in their present condition, are unworthy of patronage. Everyone knows that the majority of them are not what they ought to be. The managers of the oldest and what was for many years the most popular line, have acted as if they owned Canada and Canadians should be satisfied with the "privilege" of riding on their steamers. This is the old Grand Trunk act. I had an experience of this sort last year and I made vows never to use a Canadian line again. This fall, however, I crossed on the steamship Lake Ontario, of the Beaver line, and got as good value for my money as I ever got anywhere. She is a ship of between five and six thousand tons, and though she carries cattle from Montreal to Liverpool her return voyage is free from any such encumbrance, and at the time of which I speak she had one hundred and twenty-seven *salon* passengers, provided them with excellent and well cooked food and as good service as could be expected during the busy season. The ship was clean, the officers more assiduous than any I ever before saw in catering for the comfort and pleasure of the passengers. Everybody was treated alike and well; the voyage was not long, being only eight days and fifteen hours, though the ship passed through three or four days of storm. Of course such elaborate service and the elegancies of the high-priced American lines were not provided, but people must not forget when they pay fifty dollars for a ticket that it is unfair to compare their luxuries with those on ships where passengers pay a hundred and a hundred and fifty dollars for a single trip. The one thing that I believe passengers care for more than anything else at sea is kindness and courtesy from the officers, and it is my experience and the experience of everyone I have heard discuss the subject, that the officials of the Beaver line from the General Manager and the General Passenger Agents down are as courteous and obliging as can be found in any shipping company in the world. I say this not because I owe the company for any favors, but to do them justice and to recommend the patronage to them which they deserve. Notwithstanding this, I am fully convinced that a faster service would bring an increased patronage even though the present passenger rates were doubled. No doubt the Canadian Pacific if it establishes a line will charge more money and give a superior service. Their competition will damage the Allan line more than the Dominion and Beaver lines, for the Allans have the prestige of long years of service and are probably considered by those who have not used any of their boats to be quite a swell concern. The Canadian Pacific people are already convinced by their experience that Canadians are willing to pay a good price for a good service, and if they establish such a service thousands who now go by New York will avail themselves of it.

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Of course the northern route has some disadvantages; there is more fog, more ice, more cold than in the more southerly route. But these things obtrude themselves more in a ten days' passage than they will in a five day trip. Even if a fast ship has to stop her engines during a fog, she can make a quick trip and take full advantage of the fair weather. I am afraid that the lines now serving Canada are possessed of the idea that the accommodation they are affording is as good as Canadians will pay for. In this they are wrong, yet it is so prevalent amongst them that it will take a big corporation like the Canada Pacific with the experience which convinces them of the contrary, to prove what I have already alleged, that there are plenty of people in this Dominion—quite sufficient to support a steamship line—who are willing to pay a good price if they get the worth of their money. It is quite as true that there are a great many who cannot afford to pay high prices, and as ocean travel is becoming so much more extensive and the expenses are being reduced, the line or lines which have the chief popularity by means of cheapness and good honest service will continue to do a profitable business.

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Some months ago I was talking of a canal policy, and I may be pardoned if I suggest that I anticipated the canal difficulties which have forced our rulers into rather an unpleasant position. The unpleasantness has no doubt been aggravated by the desire of the United States Government to make capital by embarrassing our shipping. As far as I can learn there has been too much talk between the two governments, which has no doubt been misrepresented. Our people encouraged the republicans with the idea that we would back down. They took advantage of this and made us back up. They are probably unaware that when the Canadian back gets up it is pretty hard to get down, and the probability is that next year's Canadian canal policy will be instructive as well as stiff. I am informed that a portion of the St. Clair channel is wholly in Canadian territory and tolls may be charged on vessels passing through it. If so, we can easily recoup ourselves. Beyond the St. Clair passage, of course, it would be impossible to inflict heavy tolls without injuring Montreal shipping. But to do this is in our power, and Canadians need have no fear for the future. We can finish our "Soo"

MAUD MULLER.

canal five years before the United States can make themselves independent of us, and the whole matter is nothing but bluff.

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However this may be, the Canadian Pacific can establish a steamship line with its westerly terminus on the easterly border of Cape Breton and with fast ships reach Milford Haven, in Wales, in four days and a very few hours, thus obviating the greater dangers of fog and ice which militate against the northern and in favor of the southern route. A canal policy abandoning the bonding privilege and excluding United States competition would make the Canadian route the favorite export medium for grain, and our Yankee neighbors can take their "privilege" and go to Balaback. We want no privileges that they can force on us, but we need a policy to provide ourselves with proper egress and such a system of shipping as may not injure our imports or increase the price of freight. The whole thing is easy, only our Yankee neighbors imagine we have to tote our stuff through their territory and think they can shut us up and surround us with eternal winter if they refuse to permit us to walk across their grass. It is not so, and I believe the Dominion Government will rise to the occasion as soon as they see a proper and sufficiently speedy service established across the Atlantic. The time for wheat export is within the season of our internal water transports, and altogether we can afford to laugh at the bluffs Uncle Sam makes at us. We are the fifth nation in the world for commercial marine—I am speaking of Canada now—and we have sailors and shippers and enterprise, and I hope the great God of nations will so interfere as to force us to live within ourselves in the matter of shipping, and rotting sea ships will no longer breed discontent along the wharves of our maritime provinces.

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How lovely Toronto is with its early autumnal garb, changing its hues into russet and lighter yellow. I have seen more pretty women and pretty dresses in a few days since I came back from my little summer trip than I saw anywhere else. What a bouquet of beauty and bright colors Toronto women and children are! In the older lands where manufacturing, unfortunately for us, is more prosperous than here, the cities are so black and dirty that sombre colors must be worn on the streets or an enormous laundry bill incurred. You cannot see these except in the South in the gay colors of evening, unless you visit the theaters where wealthy people array themselves in wondrous raiment. But democracy of color and beauty is nowhere more apparent than in this city. I watched the theater-going folk come out on Saturday, and on Sunday was astonished by the brilliance of color streaming churchward. It is something to live in a clean city and not to soil gowns or gloves by contact of every object which one may touch or brush against. In Canada the same beautiful complexions are preserved as in England; this is not true of the United States, nor is it true of the British Islands, where none except those reckless of expense can wear white or colors as they can here. No one can know the charm of our street effects unless he or she has had an opportunity of comparing the poverty of raiment and the repression of light and color which mark the cities, towns and even villages, abroad.

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I am sorry that the excursion to Italy proposed by Chevalier Gianelli has occurred at a time when the cholera scare is apt to make it difficult for him to fill his list. The price he has set for twenty six days of Italian pleasuring, the route he has mapped out and everything in his programme are above criticism. The pleasure and instruction which Canadians would have received would have been of immense educational advantage. Even at this late moment, if my advice were worth anything it would be not to be afraid of cholera, but to go. It is absurd, this personal panic with regard to an infectious disease. The numbers telegraphed to us of the dead in the most infected districts, after all are but a trifling percentage of the population, and in Italy so far we have heard no rumor of the prevalence of the epidemic. Nothing could be more delightful in my estimation than a tour through Italian scenery and cities in company with a gentleman of so much experience and such intimate knowledge of details as Mr. Gianelli, and I sincerely hope that if his scheme is not successful now he may some other time offer the Canadian public a similar opportunity of passing under such pleasant auspices through the wonders of old Italy.

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I think as citizens who are anxious for the preservation of Toronto's reputation from the charge of being full of awful pitfalls beneath and deadly wires above, all think that the newspaper which is chiefly engaged in denouncing the trolley should explain to us what connection our particular variety of electric system has with the casualties which have resulted from the change of local transportation. It was an advocate of the storage battery. Supposing the storage battery instead of the trolley had been running the car on Church street, would the result have been any different when a dazed and frightened woman stood on one of the rails and had her limbs dreadfully mangled? Why does it endeavor to conceal from its readers that all the accidents have been the result of rapid transportation, not of a particular system? Then again occurs the question, are we to refuse to accept a rapid motor because for a few days or weeks it may be dangerous? It would be better, if such is the case, to insist that citizens go afoot, for carriages and carts kill people and the old horse railway used to have its little graveyard. Certainly those who are not anxious to slander Toronto should endeavor to be fair.

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I hear that the new rifle range, upon which much money has been expended, is likely to be intersected and ruined for the purpose for which it is being fitted up, by the T. H. & B. Railway. If there is anything in the report that this line which is being granted bonuses and is likely to be built, will ruin our rifle range, the folly of selecting it would be inexcusable, for our civic authorities were warned. We cannot afford to lose a hundred thousand dollars—and such is the not improbable cost of the change—by getting in range of a railroad. Financially such a thing is quite as deadly as being in range of rifle bullets was found to be on the lake near the old Garrison common. Before anything more is done this prospect should be examined into.

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It rather startles orthodox people to find our Unitarian brethren in dispute over a "too advanced" pastor. Orthodoxy had an idea that Unitarianism was the very last resort of heterodox people who did not believe in the Trinity or anything except a Supreme Being. Of course this is not true, but this little disagreement in the Jarvis street congregation makes it evident that the "most progressive," the "farthest advanced," the "most heterodox" have within them conservative and radical elements. It would be useless to argue to those who consider Unitarianism unpardonable, no matter in what degree it may be held, that that denomination has had a great influence in shaping other creeds. It might be equally useless to urge that Unitarians are but degrees extending through a long chain of denominations and containing within themselves many excellent people of divergent views—perhaps of not clearly defined views—who desire a religious home. Begin with the sternest of all creeds, Presbyterianism, and from the beginning to the end one finds a thousand varieties and shades of opinion. Through Anglicanism, through the many denominations which are grouped under the name of orthodox Protestantism, you find the most heterogeneous ideas of God, of the plan of salvation and the future state—of everything concerned in our spiritual future. Then we have many shades of Unitarians, many of them quite as orthodox as some Presbyterians. Then we have our Catholic brethren holding all sorts of ideas as to doctrine and duty. And the Jews are not alike, but differing with one another. Then there are those who disbelieve in all creeds and who wear the name of agnostic, or infidel, or atheist, or theist, or theosophist. I enumerate these simply to show how wonderful is the difference, that I may point the moral by asking each reader to remember how similar individuals are to one another, and how absolutely alike all good people are and how very much alike all bad people are; how objectionable all rude people are; how unneighborly and unbearable all selfish people are; how utterly abhorrent to everything good that there is in us all cruel people are, and how with one accord all people are either religious or superstitious, no matter what they may profess to disbelieve or believe, or how with one accord they practice one thing and avoid another, or how careless they may be in this or devout in that. And lastly but not leastly, in view of the little newspaper paragraph which has caused these reflections, how all sorts and conditions of people, particularly those who are nearest to one another, occasionally fall out, and how even in these little disputes good is not entirely absent from the result.

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The Czar and Czarina of Russia have been showing their subjects an excellent example. They have visited the cholera hospitals and have not been afraid to converse with the patients. It cannot be considered surprising if a man who has lived, for lo these many years, in danger of poison and assassination of every variety should be unterrified by the cholera, yet it is always a refreshing thing to see these so-called tyrants so willing to go away and leave all the magnificent surroundings which power gives them. Those who claim a royal line of progenitors, and even the minor nobility frequently distinguish themselves by showing a contempt of fear and death and those things which are so apt to frighten people who have less to lose. It is very likely true that those who seem to have everything the gods can bestow upon them—grandeur, wealth, power—are most likely to realize how trivial a thing life is; how little we have even if we have everything; how little to lose if we die and leave everything. Very often those who cling most tenaciously to life are those who have apparently the least stake in this world—those to whom life is everything, insomuch as mere animal existence is all there is of it.

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Everybody seems delighted that John L. Sullivan has been whipped by an athletic bank clerk. While putting on a back shelf a bully and blackguard, it is pleasant to know that another one equally low is not being brought to the front. Moreover, it is evident the California bank clerks are not all dudes, and if Corbett does not degenerate he may do something to "elevate his profession." DON.

Maud Muller.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay;
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple tree, to greet the maid,

And ask for a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadows across the road.
She stepped across the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup.

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
"Thanks," said the Judge. "A sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass, and of flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and humming bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be.

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.
My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sell a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day;
And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.
Would she were mine and I to-day,
Like her a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs
And weary law, urs with endless tongues,
But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health of quiet and loving words."

But his thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.
So, closing his heart the Judge rode on;
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune
And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lives for fashion as he for power.
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watch'd a picture come and go,

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes,
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,

To dream of meadows and clover blooms.
And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again,
Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door,
But care and sorrow and child-birth pale,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned.

And for him who sat by the chimney lug
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only "It might have been."
Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge.

God pity them both and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall,
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Social and Personal.

The opening of the Exposition on Tuesday afternoon attracted a large number of stylish people and was the most delightful afternoon imaginable. The fresh untrodden sod and beautiful floral decorations of the park, the immense and comfortable new grand stand, the beautiful view from which is enough to attract thereto many a lover of lake and sky and white-winged vessels and fleecy clouds overhead. The air was fresh and not cold, the sun mellow and bright, the natty costumes of the ladies suggestive of recent return from seaside and mountain resorts. The Government House party occupied a little carpeted dais on the grand stand. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a striped black and gray brocaded gown with pink guimpe and a large yellow leghorn hat with pink roses. She looked, as she always does, a picture of bright and happy interest and amiability. The Lieutenant-Governor was also his usual handsome and kindly self, and was greeted with smiles and applause from the large assembly. I remarked Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski and party, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hay (Mrs. Hay in a delicate gray cloth gown and feather hat), Mrs. Alfred Cameron and Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. David Walker, Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Beard, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Caswell, Col. Fred, Mr. and Mrs. Denison, Major Cosby, Commander Law, Colonel Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Brough, the Mayor and party. I noticed the veterans, Dr. Scadding, Mr. John Laidlaw, and the well known face of Mr. D. B. Read among the spectators.

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Mrs. Alfred Gooderham gave a pink luncheon for Miss Allie McKeough of Chatham last Thursday, which was a very *chic* and elegant affair.

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Mr. J. Castell Hopkins has returned from a trip through Manitoba, the North-West and British Columbia. He is accompanied from the coast by his sister, Mrs. Atkinson.

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The Church of St. Peter, on Carlton street, held a very elegant wedding party on Wednesday afternoon, when the marriage of Mr. Wm. McKeough, one of Chatham's rising lawyers, and Miss Mabel Stewart of Hamilton was celebrated. The bridal party was very punctual, and precisely at half-past two Mr. Doward's magic touch on the organ announced the arrival of the bride. Miss Stewart entered leaning on the arm of her brother-in-law, Mr. Beau Jarvis, who gave her away, and preceded and followed by Miss Allie McKeough as maid of honor, and the Misses Mabel Smart and Allen as bridesmaids. The wedding dress was of rich cream-white bengaline, *en princesse*, with a train, spreading from a fan-shaped pleat between the shoulders in a novel and graceful design. The veil was of tulle, fastened on the train with tiny bouquets of orange blossoms, which orthodox flowers formed a tasteful wreath on the head of the bride. Miss Stewart's bouquet was a loose cluster of white roses. The maid of honor and the bridesmaids wore pink *crepon* frocks, quaintly fashioned, and carried pink enamel shepherdess crooks wreathed with pink roses and ribbons. Their large leghorn hats were trimmed with pink and cream ribbon bows and French roses. Mr. McKeough was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Frank McKeough, Mr. Cameron of Chatham, and Mr. Arthur Morphy. A number of friends from Hamilton and Chatham were among the guests. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests were driven to the residence of Mrs. Sheriff Jarvis, 295 Jarvis street, where a charming *dejeuner* was discussed to sweet strains of orchestral music and many good wishes offered to Mr. and Mrs. McKeough. An elegant array of bridal gifts was much admired, and was unusually beautiful and rare. The bridegroom's present was a fine gold necklet with diamond star. Among the guests I noticed: Judge Moss, Mrs. Moss in a delicate fawn gown and bonnet; Mrs. Smart in a lovely pale blue and black silk costume, with *guimpe* and cuffs of Irish lace, and forget-me not bonnet; Miss O'Reilly of Hamilton in dove gray and large leghorn hat; Miss Pearl Edge of London in terra cotta brocaded silk and shirred *crepe* hat; Miss Lyons of Chatham in china silk and rose crowned hat; Mrs. Cecil Leigh in cream silk and moss green velvet; Mr. Herbert Mason and the Misses Mason; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham; Miss Gooderham in a very becoming white rainbow-striped silk; Miss Maggie Gooderham in a dainty mauve and white gown; the Venerable Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy: Mrs. Boddy wore pale blue and white brocade, and small bonnet; Miss Thompson cream *crepe* and large hat; Mrs. Jarvis looked handsome and gracious in a black and white striped silk gown and a charming little bonnet to match. Mrs. Beau Jarvis wore a pretty cream gown. I remarked also a very *chic* mauve and white costume with a tiny mauve *toque*, and a pearl gray frock which well became its *petite* wearer. Mrs. McKeough's going away-gown was of shell *crepon* in a soft *café au lait* shade, trimmed with black, with a large, black chip hat and lace veil. After the wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. McKeough will return to Chatham to reside.

*

A fashionable and *distingue* wedding took place at St. Helen's church, Brockton, on Thursday morning last, at half-past ten o'clock. The quiet suburb was alive with carriages and brilliant with handsome costumes, whose owners had assembled to do honor to the marriage day of Mr. Lewis Martin Hayes and Miss Margaret Maude Macdonell. The bride was accompanied by four bridesmaids, the Misses Marie Macdonell, Nellie, Robinson and Macdonell. Miss Macdonell's sparkling brunette beauty well became her rich bridal robe of heavy corded silk, veiled in the orthodox tulle and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids wore deep pink frocks of china silk, with puffed sleeves and white Irish lace hats wreathed with pink roses. The groom's attendants were Messrs. Hayes, Claude Macdonell, Parker and Benedict. After the ceremony the guests adjourned to the paternal mansion on Dundas street, where a *recherche* breakfast was served. The veranda and lawn as well as the house were crowded with handsome ladies and attentive gentlemen. Among the pretty gowns I noticed Mrs. Macdonell's navy blue and white, with bonnet to match; Mrs. Lockie's violet cord and velvet, with violet bonnet; Mrs. Aylmer's elegant cream cord, and white lace, flower-crowned hat; Mrs. Greville Harston's white gown and hat wreathed with *marguerites* and deep tulle veil; Miss O'Keefe looked charming in white silk and large leghorn *chapeau*; Miss Frances Smith extremely *chic* in cream and terra cotta, with elegant cream feather boa; Mrs. Lynn wore mauve satin under black lace and a most becoming black and pink bonnet; Mrs. German, a lovely little hat of gray and salmon pink and a gown of gray silk draped with black lace; Mrs. George T. Denison wore mauve and white with yoke and cuffs of Irish lace, and fancy straw hat with lilacs; a stylish gown was worn by Miss Cochrane of Rochester in light blue and white, with a lovely picture hat, edged with tiny blue flowerets; Mrs. James Murray looked very stately in a rich gown and bonnet of mauve and white; Mrs. Wm. Nattress wore dove gray *crepon* and hat to match; the little daughters of Mr. James Murray and Mr. German were sweetly frocked in *eau de Nile* silk with large hats covered with white feathers; Miss Flossie Taylor of Ottawa wore white silk and apple-green ribbons; Miss Violet Towner looked sweetly pretty in white and gray; Mrs. Randolph Macdonell wore black lace with fawn bonnet and coat; Miss Cross, a smart little scarlet hat with gray feathers, and a gray silk *princesse* corselet frock; Mrs. Colonel Milligan wore black lace over green silk; Mrs. Roblin looked very handsome in black and mauve; Mrs. Sam Macdonell wore green and *vieux rose* silk, and bonnet to match. A few of the other guests were: Mrs. Justice Moss, Mrs. Justice Harrison, Mrs. Lace, Mrs. George Denison, Mrs. Arthur Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Anglin, Miss Fraser, the Misses Milligan, Mrs. Hilton, Miss Stevenson of New Brunswick, Mrs. A. P. MacDonald, Prof. and Mrs. Hirschfelder, Mr. Charles and Miss Hirschfelder, Mrs. W. P. Atkinson, Mrs. Chadwick, Miss Maynard, the Misses Ince, Miss Maud Maclean, Mrs. Bouchette Anderson, Miss Lee of Ottawa and Messrs. Ball, Aylmer, Jack Macdonell, Murray, and Principal and Mrs. Kewring.

*

The marriage of Rev. James Hodgins and Miss Hettie Hamilton took place last Tuesday evening at Mr. W. B. Hamilton's residence, 202 Jarvis street. A number of old friends of the family were the invited guests, and tendered hearty but regretful congratulations to the young bride, whom they were soon to lose from their circle. Miss Hamilton's wedding gown was of white china *crepe* and brocade, *en princesse*, with tulle veil and orange flowers; she carried a bouquet of roses. Her bridesmaid, Miss Luri Hamilton, wore a very *chic* gown of primrose silk seersucker, a very dainty new

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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$1, $1 25, $1.50

We have opened our dressmaking rooms, and are prepared to complete orders on the shortest possible notice.

New dress materials and trimmings, suitable for fall costumes.

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We have a number of pretty patterns, the pieces of which we can sell separately or make up into small sets.

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We have this week received novelties in English and American Sterling Silverware; also full lines in Ladies and Gent's Gold and Silver Watches, which we are enabled to offer at prices lower than any other house in the trade.

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Cutlery Cabinets =

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SUITABLE FOR WEDDING PRESENTS

RICE LEWIS & SON (LIMITED)

King Street East TORONTO

For Use and Ornament.

SOME beautiful hats for autumn and early winter wear are shown at the leading *modistes*. Fresh from its Parisian *place de naissance* is a grand felt hat of a pale tan shade, which is trimmed with an enormous bow of velvet arranged to lie against the narrow little crown and spread over the wide brim in two *chous* rosettes. Just directly in front is a large and sharp-toothed buckle of jet and gold, and where the wide brim narrows and turns up behind are a couple of much curled ostrich feathers, long and narrow, and pointing rather stiffly toward the front. I liked, better than this pattern hat, a copy which a clever milliner had made of it. The copy was in pale terra-cotta felt with a changeable velvet bow, large and rosetted, of green and maroon shades, a gold buckle, and in the back a light aigrette of iridescent green and black feather pompons. The inside of the wide brim had an inch-wide band of cream white felt laid on, which gave a very novel and attractive effect. A hat in lighter material, but of extremely good effect, was of rich black silk lace over a shirred net foundation. A peculiar little headpiece of salmon velvet made a sort of frontlet under the brim, and one of those giant bows of the same rich velvet nestled under the flounces of lace which formed the hat. The brim was ample and of the pretty style which becomingly frames even a homely face. A marvelous hat, large and daring, with a pearl-colored velvet crown and a wide wavy felt brim, was piled high with delicate gray ostrich tips, soft and curling. In choosing these conspicuous hats, one prime rule should govern. Let the dress be rich and plain. A handsome black lace and silk for the lace hat, and a pearl-gray gown not exactly tailor-made, but combining the raw edged seams and the flat stitchings with some bodice drapery to add richness and grace, for the mammoth feather hat.

•

Tailor-made gowns have their time and place, but it is not at the elegant reception or stylish tea, the *matinee musicale* or the promenade concert. For these occasions severity should be toned down and some cunning puffing, shirring or frilling of surah, velvet, or other rich material be introduced with the smooth-faced cloth—and elegant fit. When the tailor-made girl stalks into the rose-hued light of the really "tony" and aristocratic afternoon tea she is a jarring discord, be she never so lovely! Lace and velvet, silks and satins look refined and *a la mode*, whereas she looks severe and repellent, like a spikey cactus in a bed of pelargoniums. Besides, she destroys the essence of luxurious *dolce far nieute* of feminine prettiness and cosiness, and the subtle charm which lurks in the presence of the unalterably womanly woman.

•

A prize was given lately at a woman's exhibition for the best designed bicycle suit for ladies' wear. Here is the prize conception. A gored front and pleated back skirt of blue serge reaching to the ankles, lined with blue linen and wadded to the knees with one layer of cotton wadding, held in place by four rows of military braid in graduated widths. The skirt was opened and fastened on either side of the front gore, with buttons and buttonholes. The pleats were turned *vis-a-vis* at the back, where a small space was left plain; the bodice was a double-breasted postillion basque, and two stout hooks on the skirt band were hooked to the side back bodice seams at the waist line to keep basques and skirt in position. Alternating with this bodice was a blue and white polka dot silk shirt and a small blue serge blazer. The hat was in the English walking hat pattern, with black corded ribbon band, flat bow and five blue quills. It was claimed for this skirt that it combined style, safety and grace on the wheel. The wadding made it too solid to catch in the spokes, and with the braid gave it weight enough to hang correctly even in a smart wind. The ankle length is insisted upon, and also the side front openings; pockets are eschewed and the *mouchoir* is thrust between the buttons of the double-breasted bodice or under the belt of the surah shirt. The plain space at the back of the skirt is the point where the saddle should rest as the rider mounts, and thus ensure an even and graceful fall of the skirt. Low shoes and gaiters are preferred to buttoned boots, and gauntlet gloves are voted more graceful than plain ones.

•

A pretty fancy is silver filigree jewelry. I have seen some lovely little necklets, brooches and armlets of this style in a design of marguerites with gold centers. Charming little *bon bon* boxes of silver filigree are dainty presents for luxurious ladies. Quaint vinaigrettes and perfume sachets are also taking novelties in this line. A very pretty and elegant girl wore lately at the matinee a dress of cream surah, with gold silk under frills, cream gloves, a little chip hat with yellow ribbon bows, and a set of filigree daisies on her neck and arms. Some of our jewelers have brought out those silver beetles and butterflies, in filigree, poised on spirals of silver wire, which used to look so pretty when madame was *coiffee* for evening dance or reception or opera a decade ago, and which seemed rather to hover over than rest upon her shining hair or *bouffant* shoulder knots.

•

Do you want to know how to get four dresses out of two and a half and have them all available, each without unmaking the other? If so, read the following: "Choose your color—say green. Have a pale Nile green evening gown, the skirt with quite a train to it and made bell fashion. The waist will be as you like, so long as it is distinctly an evening waist, short sleeves, low neck, and so on. This is dress No. 1. Now a dark green cloth gown, plain bell skirt, plain tailor bodice is dress No. 2. The half dress is a long-tailed silk coat. The silk is heavy and striped, a cream brocaded stripe, for instance, and a pale green stripe. The coat is cut Beau Brummel style in front, and may be worn open at the neck or with a stock. A plain high collar, instead of stock, is unbecoming. The coat tails are lined with dark green silk, about the shade of your green cloth suit; the collar and cuffs are of dark green velvet; the Beau Brummel waistcoat—the waistcoat that shows in front below the coat line as well as above—is of dark green silk, well covered with ruffles of heavy lace. This stock is finished with lace. The sleeves have deep ruffles. The sleeve itself is a loose puff that may be either pulled down to below the elbow or pushed up so that the flaring cuff is just below the shoulder. This coat, worn without the stock and with the neck open to the point the coat collars make, and with the sleeves pushed up, the arms covered with long gloves, goes over the light green silk skirt, and makes a very handsome reception or evening or dinner dress. Worn with stock or collar, with sleeves drawn down to meet elbow gloves, with suitable hat, and over the green cloth skirt, it makes the fourth gown, and one suitable for theater, carriage, or races. Of course, to get this rig out all at once would cost a good deal, but if you keep the idea in mind you can build it up on whatever you have, getting the new things only as occasion calls for a new combination. It will certainly cost you less to get a coat to go with your evening dress skirt, than to get a new reception dress out and out. Then when you come to get a new street dress, you might as well make it a color and material that will go, as I have suggested, with this same coat. And there you are with your four dresses out of two and a half. Economic and tasteful dressing is only the result of a genius for combinations. LA MODE.

Thanks for information are due to Messrs. Stitt & Co., and to Ryrie Bros.

September.

For Saturday Night.

The summer breez n playing among the autumn leaves,
All nature seems more gay, and Flora garlands weaves.

The peach with glowing cheek, crimsoning in the sun,
And golden pippins meek, Eve's work has just begun.

The fruit she gathers in a basket by her stand,
Adam helps—her smile to win, that smile a price demands.

The dahlia's dazzling head rivals the sun! ev'r grand;
September takes the lead, gorgeous-hued her wand.

The aster's modest bloom and clust'ring mignonette,
With delicate perfume, by far the sweetest yet.

Creamy blooming to a rose, and amaryllis rare,
The flaming gladiola grows, a fl w'r without compare.

September, we crown thee loveliest month of all!
The ripen'd fruit we ate heralds the Master's call.

ELOISE A. SKINNER.

A Dog-Day Danger.

The Janitor—Hey! Git down into the house as quick as you can.

Mrs. Washington—What is the matter?

The Janitor—There's a mad dog on the street.

Mrs. Washington—But it can't get at me up here, can it?

The Janitor—No; but the policeman is getting ready to shoot at it.

Every-Day Life.

Mrs. D'Avnoo (at front window)—Officer! Policeman—Yes, ma'am. What's wrong, ma'am?

Mrs. D'Avnoo—Nothing's wrong; but I wish you'd step into the kitchen and tell the cook not to burn the meat, as she did last night. I'm afraid to.

Seaside

He—Many engagements here this summer?

She—Not so many new ones, but there are lots of renewals of last year's.

A Measure of Social Standing.

Mr. O'Maha—I'm told that Miss Broadsole belongs to an old Chicago family; that her grandfather was one of the earliest pork packers in the city.

Miss Porkington—An old family! Why, Mr. O'Maha; my grandpa packed pork right here in Chicago before here ever saw a hog.

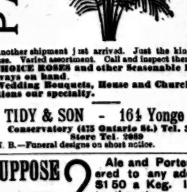
Supers'itious.

"You didn't succeed very well with the young heiress?"

"No; she was superstitious."

"What was the cause?"

"She said she had twelve engagements on hand, and feared that the thirteenth might be unlucky."

PALMS  PALMS

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WE WILL TELL YOU THE SECRET

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Be sure to call at Mrs. Graham's, 115 Yonge Street, for removal of all facial blemishes and for massage for the body, and German baths if you are thin or nervous.

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Gray, Fawn, Tan, Seal Brown, Navy Blue and Black.

Prices range from

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79 King Street East

ROYAL CROWN TABLE WATER

Godes-berger.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

The *Court Circular*, London, July 2, '92:

To those who study sanitary science, and we are glad to say there are thousands upon thousands who now do so, at any rate in an elementary form, the drinking of pure water is one of the first necessities of health. Many of the leading physicians have lately denounced strongly upon the subject in consequence of the impossibility of drinking ordinary London water, and they very rightly insist that a perfect table water must be free from organic matter. We have lately had brought to our notice the natural mineral water supplied to Her Majesty known as "Godes-berger," which in *every respect* fulfils the required conditions. The testimony of the highest analytical authorities is overwhelming, not only as to its purity, but as to its positive superiority over other table waters. Professor Wanklyn and Professor Redwood are alike agreed on the subject, and the *Lancet* is equally strong as to "Godes-berger," being entirely free from organic matter. We have personally tested its merits, and can aver, that in addition to its *absolute purity*, it is the most palatable and pleasant table water of the many on the market, and in our opinion it has no equal. One of the strongest points in its favor is that it is a natural water which is bottled as it flows from the spring near the old castle of Godesberg, opposite the seven mountains of the Rhine. It must also be self-evident that a water which is recommended by Her Majesty's medical advisers must surely be good enough for her subjects.

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TORONTO

In our August Clearing Sale all goods are marked to capture those who buy a good thing when they see it.

Webster's Great Dictionary, $1.25. Well bound books, all good authors, 16½; best cloth bound, 19c. Paper cover books, all good authors, 7c, regular price 25c. Boys's Bible Gallery and other works, 95c. These last are Cassell's best edition.

Shawl straps in great variety, 10c., reduced from 25c. We will close a large consignment of beautiful Albums at less than cost of importation, and not one-half of usual cost. See them.

Boys' Safety Bicycles, $6, were $13, and with rubber tire $8, were $16. Boys' High Wheel, $3 50, were $7.50. Baby Carriages, $8 50, were $16. Hammocks, 50 per cent. of real value.

Handsome Croquet Sets, 64c., worth $1 25; Toilet Paper, full 1000 sheet package, 9c; Rolls, 10c.

An Immense Display of Agate Ironware Teapots, 50c., worth $1 25; Preserving Kettles at half price; best Crown and Gem Preserving Jars, pints, 88c.; quarts, 98c.; 2 quarts, $1 24.

Closing out a lot of beautiful Window Blinds, complete, 40c., worth $1 25. Purses, new designs and best French goods, at less than half usual price.

Store closes at 6 30 p.m., except Saturday evening, open until 10 30 p.m. Come and see.

W. H. BENTLEY

Fashionable Milliner

MISS PAYNTER

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Bangs	Toupees	Toupees and Wigs
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STANDARD DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them

They are the Best

SOLD BY All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS Are the Best. *Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process.*

IZOD'S CORSETS

Medical opinion recommends them for THE HEALTH.

Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for COMFORT, STYLE AND DURABILITY. SOLD IN EVERY TOWN AROUND THE WORLD. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of Drawings.

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ALSO

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With lessons or without.

Order Corsets to Measure

In any style. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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256½ YONGE STREET

Just south of Trinity Square.

CLEARING SALE

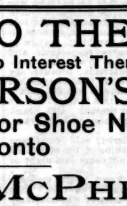
During the months of July and August MISS HOLLAND will be prepared to offer the balance of her Fine Millinery Stock, together with Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, &c., at an undercost for cash.

MISS DUFFY'S Mantles, Wraps, Jackets, &c., are also reduced to half price, and ladies desiring travelling or boating garments should take this opportunity of replenishing their wardrobe at low cost.

112 Yonge Street, West Side

Two Doors South of Adelaide

LADIES ASK FOR



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Complexion Treatment

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EXTRA VALUE IN CARPETS

GIVE US A CALL

FALL HOUSE-CLEANING

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All kinds of upholstering and repairing promptly attended to.

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TWICE LOST:

A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.

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CHAPTER IX.

JOHN CRANE'S WINDFALL.

There were many things in John Crane's mind when he spoke to Mrs. Orr this afternoon about Edith. When he woke that morning he had no thought of approaching the subject so soon. It was perfectly clear to him, and had been for a long time, that one day he would ask Edith Orr to be his wife. He was not a man easily turned from his purpose and he had made up his mind to ask Edith one day, but he had no means of determining exactly how soon that day might be.

He was not at all a sentimental young man. In love affairs he had been a conservative beyond his desire to make Edith his wife. He was under no delusions about her. He heard people call her the Empress of Muscovy, and mimicate her behind her back. He had no idea she was an empress, and he had no belief one way or the other whether she would fittingly fill the place of empress. He thought she would make a capital and beautiful wife for him. He dwelt more on her bright cheerfulness and a certain air of spiritual capacity he found in her than on her beautiful face or beautiful figure.

He was under no delusions about himself. He knew he was not good-looking. That did not trouble him. He knew he was not tall or very powerful, or very agile, or anything very admirable physically. He believed he had a sound constitution, and a sound mind, and he thought he had a sound heart, and he did not bother to think much more about himself.

Without enquiring why he thought he and Edith Orr could live happily together, without enquiring how he thought he should be able to persuade her to his view that they were destined for one another, he had great confidence in himself and great confidence in her. Although he had never, as he told her mother, hinted at his feelings towards her, he considered he knew the girl better than her mother knew her, better than she knew herself.

He was not a man easily moved. He had a wholly masculine mind. He took, what he told himself, was a reasonable view of life, of business, of love. He was certain no woman could fascinate him against his reason. He was sure he would make a bad hero of old-fashioned romance, for no woman could make a fool of him, and he would not do for any woman things of which his reason disapproved.

He told himself he was perfectly free from false modesty, that is from what is usually called modesty. He told himself he had not an extravagantly high or an unjustly low estimate of himself.

He was not in any fiercely excited state about Edith Orr. He thought that all things being moderately in his favor he should persuade Edith Orr to marry him, and he felt calmly confident that if she married him her life would be a very happy one.

He was not in the least a prig. He was not at all self-satisfied. He did not think often or much about himself. When he did turn the thoughts inward he was aware of only two prominent features in his character—calm, deliberate, undemonstrative confidence in himself, and a sense of justice. About the justice he was not quite so sure as about the confidence. "But," he would say to himself on occasions he turned his thoughts upon himself, "I think I must be right about the justice too, for I have the courage to be just to myself."

He did not go back to Muscovy place that evening. He sent one of his men instead. This was the first evening since his arrangement with Mrs. Orr that he failed to call. Mrs. Orr was not surprised at his sending a substitute. He was to get his answer from her to-morrow, and "No doubt," she thought, "he does not wish to come until the afternoon, when he is to know my mind."

As she anticipated, he did not come in the morning either, though when he did come in the afternoon his explanation of his failure to appear was not the one she had expected. As to Edith, she was not getting ready for Mr. Edward Fancourt that she did not know whether John Crane or anyone from him had arrived.

Before his usual hour for calling, Mrs. Orr sent Edith out to buy something at a little distance, and calculated that the coast would be clear for John Crane at Muscovy place for half an hour.

Three years before, when Mary Stebbing married Frank Jeaters, "a gentleman with independent means," she did not acquaint John Crane of the fact that she was going to change her state and name. John had heard a rumor that his cousin, his only cousin—his only relative in England as far as he knew—had been married very well, but he did not even know the man's name until he got his uncle's letter. The Cranes and the Stebbings had not been very good friends in old days, when the elders of the names were young, and the young people had met only once or twice in childhood, and never after they had grown up.

So little did Pollie know of the Cranes, she was not sure whether they had all gone to America or not. She was not sure whether her uncle was dead. She knew her aunt died long ago, but she was not sure about her uncle; and beyond the fact that John Crane was a watchmaker she knew absolutely nothing of him.

At the best the Cranes were watchmakers, and they might be all dead or they might be all out of the country. Anyway, she knew so little about them that she did not think it necessary to mention even their name to the "gentleman of private means," for a man in his position would not care to hear he was marrying a wife who had an uncle and cousin working at a trade with their hands. She told Jeaters of her uncle in America, because an uncle in America may be anything or be in the highest possible degree respectable, and enormously rich. She wrote to her uncle Stebbing announcing her marriage, because she thought it would look well in Frank's eyes that she should have an uncle, and she got back a letter of congratulation with a hundred dollars to buy herself a wedding present. But Frank Jeaters had not heard anything of John Crane, not even the name.

"You must have wondered," said John Crane to Mrs. Orr at the beginning of the appointed interview, "why I did not come last night or this morning."

"Well," said she, "I know young men are often shy in such a matter as this." She smiled to show him his answer was not likely to be an unpleasant one.

He looked at her with some surprise. "I fear I am not very shy," said he. "After leaving home I thought it occurred to me that I had not told you anything of my affairs, and that, considering the question I had asked you, it must have seemed strange I had not done so."

"Oh, Mr. Crane," said she, "I know you are a very sensible young man, and I took it for granted that you would not say to me what you did unless you saw your way pretty clearly to carrying out what you spoke of."

"Before we go further," said he, "you may as well know all I know of my affairs. I may tell you that the day before yesterday, although I had then, and for a good while before made up my mind to speak, I had no intention of speaking so soon. Yesterday I got a letter which, I think, warranted me in speaking at once."

Mrs. Orr bent her head to indicate that she was all attention.

"Until I got that letter I did not think I was as yet in a position to marry. I have gone very carefully into my accounts. After deducting rent, taxes, wages and other uncontrollable expenses, I find my income for the past twelve months does not exceed a hundred and fifty pounds; it was between a hundred and thirty and a hundred and fifty pounds a year. That would hardly warrant a man marrying unless he and his wife were resolved to live very quietly."

"My daughter is not accustomed to fine things. She has been brought up simply."

"I thought of that. But still one would like to be a little better off than I am now, and one would like to be able to see a little into the future. My business is only lately started. It may be a success and it may not. I have, I think, good reason to think it will, but I am not free from anxiety and care."

"If all lived together, either here or in North Furham, there would be a saving. I suppose you did not think of separating me from Edie? She is all I have in the world."

"I calculated on you being willing to live with us. You, I thought, would make over the business on me or Miss Orr. I thought of buying an annuity of twenty-six pounds a year—ten shillings a week, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"Twenty six pounds a year for you, and giving you the right to board and lodge with us over and above the annuity money. I calculated that twenty-six pounds a year would be enough for your pocket-money, your clothing and everything of that kind, and that everything in the nature of board should be supplied over and above the twenty six pounds a year."

"I should then be better off than ever I was in my life," said she.

"I don't think the business here would bear more than what I have said. If my plan, which is a new one in this district, anyway, I mean my scheme of using shops as places for collecting jobs and having all the jobs so collected done in first-rate work and quickly by first rate workmen, under capable supervision—if that scheme should fail and I should go to the wall, you would be secured against absolute want by the annuity. If things go on well you would, I think, be comfortable and happy with us."

"I am quite sure I should. Mr. Crane, and as far as I am concerned, when you have spoken to Edie she will only have to tell me all is settled between you and her to get my hearty consent, for I think you are a good young man. Mr. Crane, and I've liked you from the first, and I like you more and more every day I see you, and I like you most of all to-day. For I find you are a good, thoughtful, honest young man." The tears were in her eyes. She rose up and caught his hand and pressed it warmly. "And I'm sure you'll be good to my girl."

"Thank you," said he, a little embarrassed by her show of emotion. "I am very much obliged to you for giving me permission to try my chance with Miss Orr. I am very much obliged to you for your good opinion, and I hope I may be successful with her."

"I sincerely hope so, too. I don't think my girl ever had a secret from me, and I may tell you that as far as I am aware there is no one else." She sank back on her chair and smiled at him.

He bowed gravely. He had hitherto held the reins of the talk. He did not mean to let she should take them from him yet. "As I have this opportunity," said he, glancing round to indicate that he meant the absence of Edith, "I want to say a few more words on business. I think I had better go on."

"I shall be only too happy to listen," said she, folding her hands in front of her and looking at him contentedly out of her gentle, anxious face.

"One of my reasons, my chief reason for putting the estimate of this business so low is that I do not see how it can be made to do any better than it is just at present. I am afraid no one would take it on a long lease."

"Without you, Mr. Crane, it could not go on at all."

"Without someone who would do what I am trying to do it could not go on very long. You see, it is not a lady's business."

"I know that, Mr. Crane. Before you were good enough to look after it, it was robbed."

"Yes, it was part of my notion, if it would meet your approval, that we should use this house as the dwelling house for all. I have very good accommodation for the work on the North side, but the accommodation for living is not as good as yours here. That arrangement would have the advantage of not taking you or Miss Orr away from the place or people you know."

"I think that would be very nice indeed. What we should have to consider under the change is you to look after us here (it is not pleasant to think of two women looking after a watchmaker's, safe or no safe), and perhaps a little better times for us.

"I hope so."

"Well, to be sure, there are girls who would like a little change when they get married, would like to go into their own house or their own rooms, and would not, as it were, care to stay at home after they are married. But I don't suppose she would care. Of course, nothing could be more agreeable to me than what you propose. To live in her own place and be a little further off than one has been is more pleasant to a person past middle life than to shift in among new people. With the young it may be difficult. If, when you come to speak to Edie about it, you and she can arrange it so, I shall only be too glad."

"Thank you. Now I arrive at an important matter. I came rather suddenly to the conclusion of speaking to you on this subject. Yesterday morning I got a letter telling me my uncle of mine who is in some part of Central America has died. I did not hear any more. I do not know how much he may be worth. A good deal, I always understood. I believe whatever he had he has left to me. I did not feel until I got this news that I was in a position which would warrant me in speaking to you about Miss Orr. I never met my uncle, though we corresponded now and then. He had left the country before I was born. He never married. I think I am the only relation he had living, except a first cousin, who is well provided for, having married a man with private means. Anyway, I fancy I may count on the bulk, if not all my uncle's fortune."

"Hush," said Mrs. Orr, raising up her finger in warning. "I hear the voice of my daughter and, I think, our new lodger, Mr. Fancourt."

As she spoke the handle of the door was turned and Edith Orr walked in followed by Frank Jeaters.

CHAPTER X.

THE OPEN TRAP.

Too evening before when Jeaters left the St. Vincent Hotel he did not turn his steps eastward as on the previous afternoon. The circumstances he had first told his wife, a lie carefully invented and elaborated with malice, had suggested to him a way of getting rid of this evening. He could not stay at the hotel. That was perfectly clear. There was no chance whatever of anyone calling there on business, to see the place. Of any such visitor he should have ample notice from Hilliers, the secretary, who was his friend and had got him the present employment, if clerk in-charge could be called employment.

Hilliers had run across Jeaters in Brighton five or six years since, before Jeaters' marriage, before Jeaters had ever seen Pollie Stebbing. The secretary of the St. Vincent Hotel Company had been greatly taken with the fine appearance, excellent manner and general cleverness of the young man.

Although Jeaters had not been to a university or public school, he had enjoyed an excellent education. He was acquainted with the flippancies of Latin and could roll out a dozen or twenty Greek lines. He was perfectly intelligent about mathematics and fairly conversant with the popular sides of half a dozen popular sciences. He spoke French with great fluency and assurance. Englishmen who knew less than he of the language, but who had detected him in a slip or two, said his French was bad. But Frenchmen said it was always intelligible if not very elegant. He sang very well in a surprisingly strong and rather startling baritone. He played chess, billiards and whist much better than the average player. He told a story capitally and was always willing to oblige.

"Jeaters," said Hilliers to a friend, "could do anything he put his mind to. He would make a magnificent company promoter, still, although he knows a good deal about everything else, he is a complete fool at figures, but for the better of swindle I never met anyone who could do better, who could do as well. There is another thing too against him as a company promoter, I don't believe he has any natural taste for swindling. He has a couple or three hundreds a year and no expensive tastes. He doesn't drink or gamble, or spend more money than he can afford on grub or clothes. In fact, he lives within his income. You can't do anything really great in the city with a man who hasn't some whirlpool for flinging his money into. Then a man lives within his income he may pick up a trifle in the city, but there is no career for him there. It's a great pity about Jeaters, for he has no mental sense."

"Is he married?" asked Hilliers' friend in the dialogue.

"Jeaters married? Not he! He is always half falling in love with some woman or other and then when she has fallen in love with him he changes his mind and shears off. I think if the fellow were to fall downright in love with a woman, go a regular buster, it might do him good."

Hilliers never forgot the young man. He not only did not forget him, but in an irregular way he kept him in sight. For a good while Jeaters seemed distinctly to take interest in any occupation Hilliers tentatively suggested for him. But a couple of years after his marriage he told the secretary one evening they were dining together, he would be glad to get something to do, provided it gave no trouble, that he was not very anxious about the money so long as what he got to do now or soon might be the opening to some such career as Hilliers had more than once indicated to him.

"If I could in the end reach a secretaryship or a managership of something which would not require technical knowledge and would bring me among men who might see fit to employ me further, I should be glad," he said to Hilliers. He had not thought seriously of the drudgery of clerkship in charge, of his beginning to tire very much of his matrimonial bonds and to wish for something that would afford an excuse for keeping away from home. Jeaters had not found it necessary to tell Hilliers of his marriage. He did not think it would be any advantage to him if Hilliers knew a man of the world like him had married a girl out of a draper's shop in Hackney.

When Hilliers offered him the caretakership of the St. Vincent's hotel office clerk in charge to raise it in dignity, He explained that he only suggested Jeaters' taking it as an introduction to the St. Vincent's Company, if he looked at the place, and going over it, Jeaters thought life would be more endurable here with an invalid wife than in a cramped, stuffy, kitchen place. So he closed with Hilliers before he knew anything of his wife's morbid objection to the river, before he ever saw Edith Orr.

On the same day he first saw Edith Orr, his wife told him in their lodging in Hoxton that if she went to live by the river she should die. On the same day that he had decided tumultuously in love for the first time in his life, his wife (who now bored him to death, who was an invalid with a poor chance of ever regaining her health) told him that in the new home which he had committed himself to occupy she would die, die beyond all chance of doubt.

The coincidence made a profound impression on him. In the coming together on the one day of these two vital incidents in his life, he saw not the hand of accident, but a decree of invincible, irresistible fate.

When Frank Jeaters found himself in the main road of Verdon that evening he turned to his right, and not in the direction of Muscovy place. He thought town would suit his present mood better than Verdon, and he had no thoughts his mind not to go near the Orrs. There would be time enough for that, and at present, after that scene with the woman, his wife, the half lunatic he had left in the hotel, it would be well to act with prudence.

If he went to town now he could come back at any hour he liked, for he had the keys in his pocket. He could let himself in by either back or front.

It would not be a bad way of passing the time if he went into town now, tried if Hilliers was at the club, spent a few hours with him, and came back by water, as he had fabled he came in the story invented just now.

By the way, let him think.

Suppose he returned by water very late and landed at the hotel dock, it would be most unpleasant to have to poke about at such an hour trying to find a key hole in the door of the staircase. He would slip back and open the door at the foot of the staircase from the hall to the dock, and leave it on the latch.

To do this he need not go to the bother of opening the backyard door again. He could go down to the end of St. Vincent place, open the little wicket in the railing, descend the steps to the dock platform, and open the staircase door without anyone seeing him—without being seen by anyone, or running the least risk of bringing the water rate people, or whoever it was, down on them for half rates because there was a caretaker.

It would, because of these wretched water-rate people, or whoever it was, be as well to get to the bottom of St. Vincent place without walking down St. Vincent place, and his could be done by going on in the direction he was now taking a little further, turning down at the other side of Museum Green and doubling back along River terrace. He would do this and then as soon as he had opened the staircase door he would come back the same way as he had gone, run into town, find Hilliers if he could, and forget all this bother at Verdon in a pleasant evening with a man who could appreciate him.

Jeaters did not quicken his pace. He walked deliberately until he found himself on the river terrace. There he paused and looked around.

In the fine nights of summer many people of Verdon came to the river terrace for the view of the river and the breath of open space afforded by Museum Green. This green was railed in and closed against the public at sundown, but the airiness of the terrace was greatly increased by the broad, flat grass-plots of the green forming a continuation of the broad, open space of the river. At this time of the year the river, when the tide was full, could be enjoyed by those who were accustomed to it in summer.

But it was October and chilly, and it looked as if it might rain soon, so that this evening there were only two or three people lounging about.

Jeaters sauntered up slowly with his pipe in his mouth as if he were merely trying to kill a dull hour. He did not wish to attract attention. He did not care to smoke just then, but no man on the terrace at this hour would pass unnoticed unless he had a pipe or cigar in his mouth.

When he reached the end he paused and leaned over the parapet. He waited a quarter of an hour until the few strollers had gone away or were out of sight beyond the lamps. Then turning quickly to the railings which formed the *cul de sac* of St. Vincent place, with his key he opened the gate in the railing, passed through, closed and locked the gate after him, and hurried down the steps to the platform running round the little dock.

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With stealthy tread, as though he feared to wake conscience, he went past the end of the luggage shoot, hastened round the end of the dock, gained the door leading to the stairs, opened it with his key, and ascended through the darkness to the great hall above.

Why? This going upstairs had no place in the programme he had arranged with himself when he decided that he might come back by water and that it would be well to leave the door at the foot of these stairs open.

When he had opened the door at the bottom of the staircase he had done what he told himself he had come here to do.

What more was there to be done?

With stealthy, cat-like, sly, shrinking footsteps, he crossed the great hall to where the brass handle of the trap door projected from the wall.

He caught the handle as though one touch of undue pressure would explode a powder mine and bring the whole great building down in crashing thunder about his ears.

Inch by inch the murderous trap-door rose in the floor, leaving gaping the mouth of the slide which led with irresistible swiftness to the suffocating river beneath.

When the trap-door stood up against the wall, and the sly, secret hole hidden by cunning art and worked by sly, invisible machinery yawned and drew the heavy air of the hall down like the vortex of a whirlpool, he cast one glance at the bedroom of his wife, and, disregarding the caution he had shown on entering, had shown on leaving the hall, opened the door at the head of the staircase, closed it behind him and ran down the stairs.

When he reached the foot of the stairs he closed that door after him and locked it.

He had come expressly to open that door and he locked it before going out.

He had not owned to himself in coming here that he had any thought of the other door at all—the door which led to the fatal death trap—the door through which he had told his terrified somnambulistic wife that he had dragged the body of a dead woman the night before. Yet he had raised that trap and left it up.

Why?

He did not put this question to himself. He did not put any question. He tried to cover up what he had done in physical haste by hurrying as if the building had already begun to rattle down about his ears.

As he ran away from what he had done he tried to persuade himself he had not done anything. He tried to persuade himself the action of those few minutes in the great hall was a dream, a figment of excited brain.

When he gained the main road once more he said: "Pooh! I did nothing at all. I was only letting myself a story about it and I told the story so often that I came to believe it happened really in the end."

He turned into a public house.

"Brandy," said he.

"Good gracious," said the man, "have you seen a ghost?"

"Not yet," said he, and dashed out of the place, leaving the brandy untasted.

A pain shot through his forehead. He put up his hand expecting to feel a wound. He looked at his hand when he took it down.

"No blood!" he whispered. "But I felt something burn my forehead. It is the brand of Cain!"

Go to Hilliers now? Not he. He was not fit company at this moment for anyone out of Colney Hatch—or Broadmoor, was it? Which was the criminal asylum?

Here was the Verdon Hall of Varieties. Let him go in there for an hour. Let him go in there this place! It was worse than the streets, for in here doors were always opening suddenly and one did not know what awful thing might be shot in, whirling and tumbling and dancing over until the odious bundle bounded to his feet and there burst over in the sight of everyone with Pollie's dead face covered with blood and foam, and Pollie's dead lips muttering in thick words, words that were dead, too, with Pollie:

"You loved and kissed me once, love and kiss me still or I will tell, and the people will tear you where you stand. Kiss and love me now. I was God's handiwork and your wife. I am your wife still and your handiwork now. Kiss and love me still."

Where did he live? Had he far to go to bed? He was not going to take a sleeping draught in the street?

No. There was an hotel opposite. That's where he lived. That's where he was staying. For the love of heaven give him two strong sleeping draughts or he would throw himself into the Thames.

Into the Thames? He'd have a good step to go to throw himself into the Thames. It was three miles away as a crow flies. No doubt the pain had driven him distracted. Here were the draughts—one was to be taken on getting into bed and the other if he woke in the middle of the night in great agony. But on no account should the second be taken within less than three hours of the first.

Jeaters darted across the street, engaged and paid for a room, walked straight into it, swallowed the two draughts one after the other and flung himself, dressed as he was, on the bed.

It was past noon when he woke. He bathed his face, tidied himself as well as he could without toilet appliances. He made his way back by train to Furham without going to Verdon at all. He would seek his new lodgings and wait.

At the top of Muscovy place he met Edith Orr on her way home, and he and she entered the shop just as John Crane had finished his business statement to Edith's mother.

(To be Continued.)

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Too Late.

A strong breeze, sharp with the cold suggestion of coming winter, swept up from the bay and tossed the creaking boughs of the old trees that stood along the roadside until they labored in the wind like ships at sea. The last of the fog was just disappearing, and curled fleecily up from the woods and waters, rolling away in great sullen masses.

In the north a long line of snow clouds was sluggishly moving forward. There was something peculiar—almost sinister—in their slow, heavy formation, and the weather-wise fisherman off shore watched them uneasily, and began to draw in tackle and make preparations to seek harbor.

On the land the farmers shook their heads and hastened to get the last of the pumpkins and apples under cover. Of their own accord the cattle left off grazing and sought the barn yards. Now and then stragglers from some frightened flock of wild geese flew toward the south in anxious search of their mates.

Near the end of the one street of the little fishing hamlet was a weather-beaten wood-colored homestead of one story and a loft, surrounded by a fence almost as old as the house itself; but as one passed through the gateway and up the grass-grown walk into the smoke-painted kitchen, the poverty of the outside surroundings was forgotten in contemplation of the profusion inside.

At least this seemed to be the case with the old woman who hobbled painfully up the path to the half open kitchen door. There she stopped irresolutely; but the savory smell of cooking was irresistible, and she pressed slowly forward into the low doorway. The kitchen was fragrant with the odors of the Saturday's baking; from the stove at the far end of the long room came a cheerful hissing and sputtering, and over it a woman bent in impatient suspense.

Her back was toward the door and she did not notice the great, hungry eyes that were fastened on the loaves of bread and the pies and cakes and cookies that loaded the pine table.

Such profusion made the wistful eyes gleam and the withered form tremble with eagerness. But she did not venture to cross the threshold.

On the floor two children were playing. They had watched the woman's approaching with childish curiosity. The youngest rose to his feet and toddled toward her. After gazing at her a few moments with his big, wondering eyes, he held up the cake that he had been nibbling. She hesitated, then took it and ate greedily.

The boy laughed and went to get another. But at this moment Mrs. Barten looked up. Her face was flushed with heat and vexation; she was about to speak sharply to the children, when she caught sight of the bent figure in the doorway and her wrath was turned.

Of all things she hated beggars the most. During the summer months many of them drifted up from the neighboring seaports and proved a constant source of loss and vexation to the fishermen and farmers.

Mrs. Barten had suffered with the rest, and as she turned from the stove her lips were drawn sharply over her strong white teeth. She did not see the wistful eyes and patient smile.

What she saw was a cowering beggar, with some outlandish kind of head covering and a ragged shawl closely drawn about the slight form.

"Well?" she said, in a sharp, interrogative tone.

The old woman shivered as though something had struck her, but her face remained perfectly blank.

"A furriner."

Mrs. Barten sprang forward and drew the children from so dangerous a presence. To her a foreigner seemed all that was dangerous and depraved.

A sudden sputter recalled her to the stove, and by the time she was again at leisure a trace of her naturally kindly disposition had come to the surface.

Taking a generous handful of biscuits and one of the loaves of bread, she returned to the door. But the old woman had already passed the rickety gate and was hobbling slowly down the street. Mrs. Barten looked after her regretfully.

"I wish I'd given her suthin," she muttered as she replaced the food on the table; "but sakes alive!" she continued briskly after a moment's thought, "why sh'd I feel sorry? Like as not the old tramp was just spying round arter suthin' to steal. Most likely she'll have a dozen snacks gin her before night. Here, you Bob'n Liza, come back to the house this minute and don't you go trapesin out again!"

And with mind at rest and conscience satisfied, Mrs. Barten returned to her compounds of fragrant odors.

Slowly the afternoon wore away, the pies and cakes and cookies disappeared from the table and were replaced by pans of crisp doughnuts and heavy, spherical loaves of brown bread, with raised lines encircling them; with platters of juicy meats, browned to the critical point of perfection, and flanked with dishes of yellow pumpkin and white turnip and scarlet cranberry. As the table became crowded these in turn were taken to the store-room to wait the coming of the "great day." And still the tired and flushed mistress of the kitchen went on with mixing and tasting and baking.

The low, sullen line of clouds became more menacing, and crept on until they had masked the entire sky. The wind grew strong, and was soon filled with the fine particles of swirling snow. But Mrs. Barten heeded not, time was too precious.

"It's growing dark," she grumbled, as she slid more pans into the oven. "Days are pesky short this time o' year."

It was only when a fierce gust of wind hurled a cloud of snow against the window that she looked up.

"For heaven's sake!" she exclaimed. "It's snowing, an I'll lay my life them drattied children's out in it!"

Hurrying to the door she called shrilly:

"Bob! Liza! March your boots in here quicker'n lightning!"

Receiving no reply, she muttered angrily:

"Upstairs, rummagin' most likely. Seems with all my work they might quit their play for a while."

But when a sharp call up the stairs failed to elicit a response, she began to look anxious. Throwing a shawl over her head, she went into the yard. The snow was now whirling past in blinding sheets, and the keen wind cut one like a knife. Already white drifts were forming in the fence corners and sheltered places. Objects a dozen yards away were becoming indistinct.

A thorough search of the yard failed to show any trace of the children, and she returned to the house to decide on her next move. She could not determine the direction the childish feet had taken, and once out of sight of the house, she knew there was little probability of their finding the way back by themselves. There was no danger of their being lost, unless they wandered away from the village; but Liza had scarcely recovered from the last attack, and she had all a mother's horror of wet feet and colds.

A smell of burning bread drew her attention to the stove. When she returned to the door she saw a bent figure coming up the path. A moment later and the old woman stood before her, but now the ragged shawl was closely wrapped around one child, while another clung to her skirts sobbing bitterly. The stranger's face was full of a wistful tenderness, but Mrs. Barten did not see it. Assured of the children's safety, her feelings underwent a quick change. Her child in the arms of a dreaded "furriner!" In a moment she had hurried the little ones to the fire and was removing their outer garments. What contamination and disease might not lurk in the ragged shawl and draggled skirts!

She was aroused from her reflections by the entrance of her husband.

"More wet feet, eh?" he said, as he drew a chair to the stove.

"Allers wet feet when there's anything to wet 'em in," she returned. Then, after a moment, she added: "You go tell the old woman she can come in to the fire. Beggars an' young 'uns are enough to make folks lose their wits."

"I passed an old woman outside the gate," he said, as he took his pipe from the shelf and began to fill it. "If it's her you mean she's half way down the street before this."

"Then I'm shet o' that trial," she said in a relieved tone. "Some of the neighbors will be sure'n take her in."

All night long and the next day and night the snow whirled and drifted about the village. Then the sun came out and the men and boys took their teams and shovels and began to dig communications between the houses. As the paths became clear, one neighbor after another sallied forth to gossip over the events of the storm.

At length some one mentioned the old beggar woman, and then it was learned that no one knew of her whereabouts. Nearly all had seen her, and most of them confessed that they had sent her away with a "flea in her bonnet."

One man thought she went toward the Freeman house. This was a deserted building just outside the village. Without hesitation the men took their shovels and began to dig vigorously in that direction. And Mrs. Barten worked with the foremost.

"Lucky there's a fireplace and plenty of fuel in the old house," said one. "The old lady can keep warm; but I guess she'll be mighty hungry."

When they reached the house there was no sign of its being occupied.

"She ain't here," said the old man who had spoken before, as he threw open the door.

But he was mistaken; they found her inside. She was dead.—*From Drake's Magazine.*

Getting an Education.

Ex-instructor, experiment—
My teacher very dear!
Send in your bill! or one more term—
I have the money here.
There are cheaper lessons advertised
By teachers not a few;
But there's never any money's worth
Like what I get from you.

A Dead-Letter Office.

Cousin Ruth was playing waltzes for the young people. Near her stood John Graham, one of her old beaus. He had lately come home after an absence of twenty years.

John was looking at Ruth with apparent concern, counting the lines that began to mark her pale face and noting the streaks of gray that ran through her hair. It had been so dark and thick the last time he had seen it! Then he gazed thoughtfully at the merry young dancers, and at last, feeling that he ought to say something, inquired:

"Who is that graceful, yellow-haired girl?"

"That is Grace Deering, Cousin Tom's daughter," Ruth replied. Her hearer exclaimed wonderingly:

"Tom Deering's daughter! I remember him so well!" After a pause he added: "I thought you and he would have been married long ago."

Cousin Ruth smiled, shook her head, and played on without speaking.

"The last time I saw you," said John, musingly, "you were waltzing with Tom himself—do you remember it?"

Did she recall it? Twenty years had passed since young Jack Graham had bidden her a cold and brief farewell, and she, amazed and awe-struck by his manner, had merely said, "Good-bye," and let him go. Yet the memory of that night had never left her.

"I wonder why Ruth is playing that old-fashioned waltz," said the elders of the party to each other, and John Graham listened spellbound to the well remembered strain.

"Ah," he said suddenly, "the tune recalls the past. I sent you a bunch of violets that very night, and hoped that you would wear them. O Ruth, what a heartless flirt you were!"

Old as John had grown, his eyes wore a familiar expression as they met hers.

As soon as the young people had tired of dancing, Cousin Ruth went to her room and locked herself in, giving way to strange emotion. From the lowest depths of her trunk she took an old brass-bound box that had not been disturbed for twenty years. Unlocking it, she hastily raised the lid. Instead of the fresh, sweet violets she had left in it, there were a few crisp, shapeless and withered petals, beneath which for the first time she discovered a bit of paper, on which were these words:

"Once for all, Ruth, is it yes or no? If yes, wear these violets at the ball to-night. I go away to-morrow; and if it is no, I shall not return. J. G."

For a few moments Ruth stood motionless. Clasping the little missive she went down stairs. One of her nephews passed her in the hallway, thought how pretty she must have been when she was a girl. Her face was aglow with an unusual beauty. She went into the sitting room, where John Graham sat alone. He was gazing moodily into the embers of the fire. Ruth approached, and, putting the piece of yellow paper gently into his hand, said calmly:

"I never saw it until this instant."

He looked at her in mute astonishment as she was about to turn away.

"Would you have worn my flowers had you found the note?" he asked hurriedly. "Ah, Ruth, is it now too late?"

The merry voices in the next room drowned her answer to all but John Graham; he alone heard it.—*Short Stories.*

Did Him no Good.

Hilow—These railway excursion rates for the holidays make me sad, Glim.

Glim—Why? Can't you spare the time to take advantage of them?

"Yes, I could spare the time; but they don't benefit me at all."

"Why?"

"Because I have passes on all roads."

Always Ahead.

Mr. Bleecker—I see, Mr. Livewayte, that so far the World's Fair people have managed to get the biggest deficit ever known in a great exposition at the present stage of the work.

Mr. Livewayte (of Chicago, proudly)—Chicago always has the biggest of everything, sir.

A Thoughtful Child.

Lady—You said you had two cats.

Little Girl—Yes'm; a white one and a black one.

Lady—You have only brought me the black one.

Little Girl—Yes. They is both sheddin' their coats awful, an I brought the black one, 'cause your dress is black.

Of the World.

"Jack thinks I am in love with him."

"What makes him think so?"

"Just because I am going to marry him."

"How absurd!"

In a Hurry.

Hotel Waiter—Shall I take your order now, Missy, or will you wait till your mamma comes in?

Little Girl—I wish you'd take it now. Mamma never orders anysing 'cept what 's good for me.

Completely Changed.

"Well, how's things in Boomville? Everything was at a stand-still when I was there last."

"It's exactly the reverse, now."

"Yes?"

"Yes; everything is running down hill."

Biblical Interpretation of To-day.

Self-constituted Mentor—Did you remember the case of Sapphira, when you told those gentlemen that your papa didn't like you to have a chaperon, and would let you have company as late as you pleased?

The Object of Solicitude—Yes, perfectly. She was the lady who had four young men to take her home from church, wasn't she?

A General Rain.

Gowit—What, you broke, Brolly! I thought you had a snug sum in the bank for a rainy day!

Brolly—So I had; but it rained on the bank.

Too Bad.

"Say, Josh, what makes yer mustache grow so long?"

Josh—Oh, I shook some hair-tonic on a sandwich instead of Worcester sauce.

Refined Speech.

"Oh, what a lovely statuette!" exclaimed Mrs. Hollack, admiring one of the ornaments of Mrs. Crewe-Doyle's parlor.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Crewe-Doyle, much gratified by the caller's admiration; "that is as pretty a little burst as I could find."

A Grave Omission.

Naval Officer—I'm afraid I shall be severely court-martialed for running into that scow.

Assistant—You've a good defence. There isn't any scow marked on the chart.

Scriptural Proof.

Miss Flypp—I don't believe that matches are made in heaven.

Hunker—Why don't you?

Miss Flypp—Because the bible says there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage there.

His First Sight of a Flounder.

Father, why does that man sit down on all the fish he catches and mash them so flat?

Found Wanting.

A View of the World's Fair Buildings, in the form of a large sized lithograph, in eight colors, with key to same, can be had by sending your address with twenty cents in postage stamps, to Geo. H. Heafford, G. P. A., Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y, Chicago, Ill. As the supply is limited, applications must be made early. Should the supply become exhausted the postage stamps will be returned to applicant.

Woman's Curiosity.

"John," she said, as they left the soda fountain, "wasn't fifteen cents a good deal to pay for a glass of sarsaparilla?"

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Is the most elegant and popular hair-dressing in the market. It quickens into renewed activity the hair-roots and thus restores to the hair all that has been lost by sickness, old age, or neglect. It imparts to the hair a silken texture, keeps the scalp clean, and cures itching and troublesome humors. When the hair becomes thin, faded, or gray, the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor brings out a new growth of the original color, fullness, and beauty. It is positively without equal.

The Best Hair Dressing

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty-five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, *alias* "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

"My hair began turning gray and falling out when I was about 25 years of age. I have lately been using Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it is causing a new growth of hair of the natural color. It is a wonderful dressing, and has been of great benefit to my wife in removing dandruff, with which she was very much troubled. She considers it indispensable to her toilet."—R. J. Lowry, Jones Prairie, Milan Co., Texas.

"This is to certify that for many years I have had an itching of the scalp, and my hair had nearly all fallen off. I was induced by Dr. T. J. Gossett to try Ayer's Hair Vigor. By so doing, the itching was entirely cured and the hair grew out on the top of my head, where it was bald."—J. W. Harp, Deputy P. M., Mullinville, Kans.

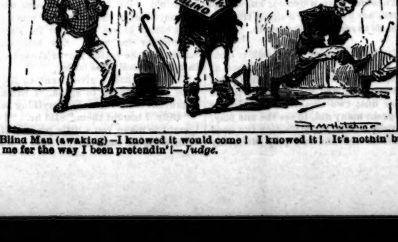
Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere

He Expected It.

The Small Boy.—Git onto de blind man! He's went to sleep.

The Other Small Boy.—Say, Mister, Billy's a artist. You couldn't beat that yourself!



The Blind Man (awaking)—I knowed it would come! I knowed it! It's nothin' but a judgement on me for the way I been pretendin'!—*Judge.*

A Road Agent who Got Left.

There were seven of us in the stage out at Austin, Nev., and after we got started we counted up our cash and found we had exactly seventy cents in the crowd. We were a dead broke gang, and bound for Eureka. Not a man had a bundle or a gun even. Everything we could rake and scrape had been put up at Austin to buy our passage in the stage. The seventy cents was tossed into a common purse and redivided, so that each one had a capital of ten cents to start on in the other town. The driver had just replied that it was two o'clock in the afternoon, and most of us were asleep, when a fellow jumped into the road a few yards ahead of the leaders and ordered the stage to halt. As he had a double-barrelled shot gun and seemed to be full of business the driver pulled up. Then the stranger, who was a little man of great energy, came along to the right hand door and called out in a brisk and chirky way:

"Now, then, twenty minutes for refreshments, and every man throw up his hands as he steps down!"

We climbed down, every man with a grin on his face, and as we ranged up in line, hands up, the old chap on the left, who had put two cents into the purse and drawn out ten, began to laugh.

"What in blazes ails this crowd?" demanded the road agent as he looked at us in a puzzled way. "Now, then, step one pace to the front and deposit your gunn."

No one stepped. There wasn't even a cartridge to deposit.

"Do you mean to say you haven't any?" shouted the little man. "Then each man step out and deposit his boodle."

We began on the left, and each stepped out and laid down ten cents. The man stood there with his shotgun at a "ready" and his finger on the trigger, but yet the absurdity of the situation struck the old chap so forcibly that he lay right down and roared until he choked. His mirth was infectious, and the other six laughed like the muzzles of the gun, while the driver cackled like an old hen.

"Do you mean to say that this is your pile?" finally demanded the agent.

"Yes—oh, yes!" shouted the old man as he wiped the tears from his eyes. "That's every blamed cent the seven of us kin raise, and you —you——"

"I'm fooled, eh?" finished the agent. He searched every man in rotation, made an inspection of the coach, and then leaned up against a wheel of the vehicle with a reproachful expression on his face and said:

"Boys, it's a dirty, mean trick to play on a fatherless boy who's got an old mother to support, and I can't get over it. Seventy cents for this hull crowd! I've walked eighteen miles and laid out all night for this coach, and you offer me ten cents apiece! Say, don't look at me! Don't speak to me! Don't even walk in my tracks! I cut the gang of you dead cold forever!"

And he shouldered his gun and walked off into the bushes and wouldn't look back when we called to him that he'd dropped something.

Reason? BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic.

An Easy Victim.

Temperance Worker—And what caused your downfall, my good man?

Horrible Example—It was this stage realism, mum. I was asked to drink drunkard in a temperance play, and the manager insisted on my using real whiskey, mum.

Authorized Canadian edition. Stevenson's new romance, The Wrecker, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson's thrilling romance of the South Seas has been universally pronounced the most absorbing piece of fiction of the year, while appearing in *Scribner's Magazine.* It is a story of daring adventure, of lost treasure, of shipwreck, of rescue and mutiny, worthy to rank with Kidnapped and Treasure Island. Toronto: The National Publishing Company.

It's Often Done.

"Bunker is just about leaving Liverpool. He's on the Mersey, steaming for the sea."

"I bet he'll be howling for Mersey when the motion begins."

Robert W. Latham, Lapanza, Cal., U. S. A., says: "I consider Diamond Vera-Cura the best medicine ever invented for Indigestion. It puts the digestive organs in order, heals the stomach, regulates the bowels, strengthens the nervous system." At druggists or sent on receipt of price, 25c. Address E. A. Wilson, Toronto.

On to Him at Last.

Bombinski—Whom are you going to kill next?

Redflagski—A man who tyrannizes over the laboring men.

Bombinski—Another capitalist, eh?

Redflagski—No. A walking delegate.

For Seasickness

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. W. W. Blackman, Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I am very much pleased with it in seasickness. Several cases have been brought to my attention where it afforded prompt and entire relief."

Clearly Put.

Inquirer—As I understand it, you American musicians object to the playing of foreign bands and orchestras, because their music comes in competition with your music.

American Musician—Yah; das ist recht.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

STOP THIEF.

Dyspepsia is stealing the roses from many ladies' cheeks, and making many men's faces blanch.

BEECHAM'S PILLS will arrest the rascal, and restore lost health, vigor and color; they will cure Sick Headache, acting like a charm on the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Price 25c cents a box. Wholesale Agts. Evans & Sons, Ld. Montreal. For sale by all druggists.

For Spring and Summer.

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

NATURE'S GREAT RESTORER!

Delightfully Refreshing.

BY ALL CHEMISTS.

The High Speed Family Knitter

Will knit a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Will knit everything required in the household from hosiery or factory. Unsurpassed for yarns. The most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid. Fortune-makers unsupposed or not. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address

Garden & Gearhart, Dundas, Ont., Canada.

Can You Read This?

I cannot praise your Pimple Pills enough for what they have done for me. My face was covered with Pimples and I was ashamed to go out, besides they were very sore. My sister, Mrs. Fish, advised me to try your Pills, and after using one bottle I was a great deal better and the second bottle has cured me. My face is just as smooth as it ever was. Anyone with Pimples should try your Pimple Pills. MISS JESSIE BARLEY, Lachute Mills, P. Q.

To HAYES & MYLIUS, HALIFAX
Proprietors of
POWELL'S PIMPLE PILLS.

Pico's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hamilton, Warren, Pa.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), Prop'rs.

VOL. V] TORONTO, SEPT. 10, 1892. [No. 42

A Censor of the Press.

IT is a well authenticated fact that all the men who know how to conduct newspapers are unfortunately engaged at other lines of business. But, thank goodness, they may occasionally give the editor a few pointers. And they do it, too—not all of them of course. If all the people who know how to edit newspapers better than they are being edited were to write letters, each publishing office would require a steam machine for opening envelopes. Modest people will be surprised to hear that imbodest ones now and then write to editors of all kinds of papers, pointing out mistakes in matter or judgment, condemning this feature or that feature, or telling the editor that he is a dunce and should quit. It is the newspaper custom to either ignore or privately answer such letters; the latter, only when the critic sends his name and when the name amounts to anything, which it seldom does. The man who has mastered one or two small facts far away in the opposite of knowledge, is generally a much more knowing fellow and a more noisy critic than his brother who has penetrated miles nearer to the strongholds of wisdom.

On Monday we received a letter in a flourishing business hand, and signed L. S. K., 108 George street, Toronto, in which the writer expresses, from the high standpoint of one who reads all the best papers in the world, strong disapproval of the results achieved by the editors of this journal. But the last straw was piled on in our last issue. "When you make a break like that in to day's number it is time you were called down," wrote L. S. K., not saying in so many words that he was the man to do it, but he proceeded to do it, which amounts to the same thing. "A story, The Sixth Bench, which you say is by Luke Sharp in Detroit *Free Press*, was in the August number of *The Idler* and was written by Robert Barr. Perhaps you do not know this, but as they cost you nothing to copy you should at least see that the right people get credit for the work."

The editor stole time from his other duties to write a prompt reply to L. S. K., 108 George street, and kept a duplicate, which is here given:

DEAR SIR,—I shall imitate your refreshing frankness. When a man, an individual reader of a newspaper, undertakes to school the editor in his duties and with a bluff discourtesy of language to throw reflections upon the nature of that newspaper's contents—when he selects a particular instance on which to base his gratuitous interference, he, at least, should be sure of his facts. I did not think there was one intelligent man in Toronto, much less one who has your professed acquaintance with "every paper published," but that knew Robert Barr and Luke Sharp to be one and the same person whose writings appear simultaneously in *The Idler* and the Detroit *Free Press*. To quote your admirable words, "Perhaps you do not know this."

I trust this little joust of your own seeking may have a beneficial effect upon your character; that it may arouse even a momentary glimmer of inward doubt as to your infallibility, and that you may be henceforth more tolerant of other people's errors even when you have proof that they are in error.

Yours truly.

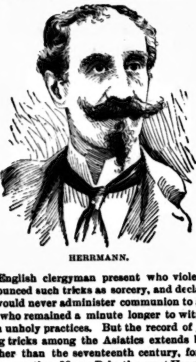
The reader will please observe the kind, fatherly tone of the latter part of the editor's reply. The advice is of a sort that anyone might take into his bosom with profit. Others beside L. S. K., 108 George street, will, it is hoped, be warned by this never to reach the placid conclusion that they know all about everything and are competent to figure as callers down-in-general for the universe. It is a pesky hard character to maintain and ends in discomfiture.

The Drama.

WHAT can a critic say about Herrmann? He cannot discuss the scenery employed, nor the plot, nor the ballet, nor the end-men, for there is not one of these. He cannot institute a comparison between Herrmann's doing of certain tricks with the way other magicians do them, because he travels alone in his particular line, having equals among the fakirs of India but nowhere else. The only thing remaining for a critic to do is to pull aside the veil and expose Herrmann's tricks; to take his performances one after the other and explain to an inquisitive public just how they are done. This will be capital reading—when some critic shows ability to do it. But it is far beyond me. His feats this week have been particularly good and the Academy has been crowded. When a man witnesses something that beats him the least he can do is to study it closely and make what he can of it, and recently I have found various writings on such performances as Herrmann gives. For instance, take his trick of making a rose tree grow from a seed and bloom in a few minutes. This was formerly known as the mango trick, and Jean Baptiste Tavernier, a French nobleman of the seventeenth century, who was an extensive traveler, saw it performed by jugglers at Broach, and thus describes it:

"The first thing they did was to kindle a large fire, and heat iron chains to redness; these they wound round their bodies, making believe that they experienced some pain, but not really receiving any injury. Next, having taken a small piece of stick, and having planted it in the ground, they asked one of the company what fruit he wished to have. He replied that he desired mangoes, and then one of the conjurers, covering himself with a sheet, stooped to the ground five or six times. I had the curiosity to ascend to a room in order to see from above, through an opening of the sheet, what this man did, and I saw that he cut himself under his arm-pits with a razor, and anointed the piece of wood with his blood. At each time that he raised himself, the stick increased under the eye, and at the third time it put forth branches and buds. At the fourth time the tree was covered with leaves, and at the fifth we saw the flowers themselves."

I rather fancy Herrmann accomplishes the trick without letting any of his blood. On the occasion written of by the French nobleman, the proceedings were suddenly terminated by



HERRMANN.

an English clergyman present who violently denounced such tricks as sorcery, and declared he would never administer communion to anyone who remained a minute longer to witness such unholy practices. But the record of juggling tricks among the Asiatics extends back further than the seventeenth century, for no less a man than Marco Polo, the great Venetian traveler of the thirteenth century, tells with his usual straightforwardness and simplicity of a performance witnessed by himself. His character is such that it is sure he saw what he says he did, or else was honestly deceived.

"On the occasion in question, Marco Polo relates, the exhibition was given in the open air, in the court-yard of a great personage's residence. The audience were seated all round an open space in which were the jugglers. One of the latter began by producing a long cord, to one end of which a wooden ball was fastened. Coiling the cord over his left arm, he took the ball in his right hand, and after swinging it several times, leaned back and flung it straight upward into the air. The ball seemed to ascend without any check to its motion until it was so high that it could scarcely be seen. Still it mounted and, finally, disappeared out of sight completely. Then the singular spectacle was presented of a cord hanging down from the sky apparently, without any support. The principal juggler next brought forward a dog, which he placed at the foot of the hanging cord. The dog immediately ran up the cord, and at the upper end vanished as the ball had done. After waiting a few minutes, the juggler produced a goat, which climbed the cord in its turn, and then disappeared like the dog. Next, one of the jugglers was ordered to mount, and he also passed out of sight. The chief juggler waited some time, and then began to show signs of impatience. He shouted up into the air, but there was no response. At length he appeared to lose his temper altogether, and, seizing a long knife, he placed it between his teeth, swarmed up the cord, looking very fierce, and vanished like the rest. The spectators then had nothing before them but the cord hanging in the air, and an interval passed during which nothing happened. At last something was seen to fall from the sky, as it were, into the open space under the cord, and it proved to be a freshly severed human hand. While the audience were wondering what this might mean, another hand fell to the ground; then a human foot; then a second foot; then the legs; next the trunk, and last the head. When all the parts of the body had been flung down, the chief juggler came into view, sliding down the cord, with the knife, now covered with blood, between his teeth. Reaching the end of the cord, he sprang to the ground, picked up the dismembered fragments of the human body, arranged them in their proper order, gave the body a smart kick—and up jumped the second juggler, alive and hearty, and bowed, smiling, to the spectators." This is pretty hard to take. Still, with Herrmann's performances fresh in mind it is not so hard either. To Marco's immortal credit be it said that even in his superstitious age he floundered around for an explanation, and records the random venture of a native spectator who said that probably they did not see what they supposed, but that the jugglers made them believe that they saw those things. If they had known anything about hypnotism they would have mentioned it then and there. But to explain Herrmann's tricks by ascribing them to hypnotism presumes in the possibility of collective hallucination, that is, the exercising by one man of a controlling influence over a vast audience in equal degree and without exception, a thing which deep students in, shall I say, the science, pronounce impossible. Besides, do not all hypnotic professors find themselves baffled by a large percentage of those whom they attempt to influence on the stage and off it? It is a mystery anyhow, but none save the very foolish regard it as sorcery. I do not believe it would particularly delight the imp of darkness for us to widen our knowledge in the matter, nor would it be a signal triumph over him for us to remain in ignorance.

*

Dan McCarthy's new play The Rambler from Clare is a success. The crowded houses at Jacobs & Sparrow's all week testified to this in the most genuine way of all. When people pay out their dust two or three nights in one week, as a great many did, to see the one play, it is final evidence that the attraction is a good one. I consider this the best play McCarthy has yet traveled in, because it not only gives his less-boisterous-than-usual style of Irish humor a fine swing, but it presents other characters who are extremely amusing. Dan needs to ask odds from no one in his line. If he were an imitator he would resemble the orthodox Irish boy of the stage more than he does, but being conscious of his own abilities he plays it as he feels it—not as he has seen it—and the results do not disappoint him, for his audiences are large and well satisfied. Charles Saunders, as Paddy McFadden, is a big feature in the play, and Mr. Ed. Hume, as Tom, the English servant, is a clever fellow whose cockney accent makes an admirable foil for the "awate" Irish brogue of the other characters. Miss Jennie Courtis, as Maggie Malone, had rome rather hard work to do. For instance, she had to avoid looking ridiculous when holding her tiny hand clenched above the head of her rival and exclaiming in heroics, "I will kill you." A lady of modest deportment and with graces suited for portraying the character of a gentlewoman should not be required to indulge such threats, for the apparent extent of her destructive power would be the killing of a moth. The intended heroic effect of such a scene fails unless a feminine bruiser fills the part. But Miss Courtis is an ornament to the cast. Altogether McCarthy carries with him a strong troupe.

*

Joe Murphy is of course playing to full houses at the Grand and will continue to do so all next week. There is no risk in predicting this, no matter how many or how few visit the city or what the weather may be like. His plays are the same as before. He is running Shaun Rhue and the Rose of Killarney. Joe Murphy is the evergreen of Irish comedy.

Jarbeau will appear at the Academy of Music all next week in her farcical comedy, Starlight. Those who have seen her before will remember the sprightly way in which she slipped through the three acts, warbling merrily. One moment she is a fiery gypsy girl and the next is stately and demure. She has some very good songs, and she has also some clever people with her.

*

Whenever Barnum's circus is advertised as coming here everybody understands that the biggest, best and most complete circus in the world has been got together, and all will be shown here exactly as is announced. So when Tony Pastor advertises that he and his company are coming to this city the name of Tony Pastor and his announcement are likewise a guarantee that the greatest, best and biggest vaudeville show on earth will appear here with the entire attractions exactly as advertised. At Jacobs and Sparrow's Opera House, Tony Pastor and his entire company will appear on Monday night, September 12, and will also appear on next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings with a matinee Tuesday afternoon. Tony Pastor's company this year is the largest and most expensive vaudeville show ever gotten together by him or anybody else, and the list of talent is made up entirely of celebrities. Bessie Bonehill, England's greatest specialty artist, is said to be the most talented and fascinating character artist that has ever visited America; Maggie Cline, who has been justly called the Irish Queen of Song, and who is original in everything she does and who is the idol of the gallery; the Daly's (Lizzie and Veine), the favorite American stars, and a host of others whose names and specialties are so well known. Messrs. Jacobs & Sparrow are to be justly congratulated upon their endeavors to present to the patrons of their cosy theater the best attractions attainable.

*

On Thursday night next, September 15, at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House, Miss Agnes Herndon will begin an engagement limited to the balance of the week, with matinees Thursday and Saturday, in her powerful and highly successful comedy-drama, La Belle Marie, which has been seen once before at this popular amusement resort. Miss Herndon is too well known to the public to need much of an introduction, and her impersonation of Jean Ingleside, an innocent country girl, and La Belle Marie, a French adventuress, is too vivid in the mind of the public to be easily forgotten. Her impersonation is dainty and strongly amusing, and real to shuddering at times, and the play is novel, refreshing and enjoyable.

MACK.

Those Cotton Gloves.

ONE morning early our door bell rang and Billy (Billy is the name I have dubbed my husband; he calls me by the same name; it has a history of which I cannot wait to tell you now) got out of bed, donned his dressing robe and descended the stairs. On his return to our sleeping apartment he tossed a small parcel towards me. I was sitting, notwithstanding the early hour, on the middle of the floor playing with my first-born—a darling, wilful boy just twelve months old.

Opening the mysterious parcel, the first thing that met my eyes was the name of a big Yonge street dry goods store.

"There must be some mistake," I said, knowing that I had not been purchasing at that place and thinking that the man had delivered it at the wrong door.

"Oh, no," said Billy, "a present. Miss S— sent it to you."

"Oh, but there must be some mistake," I said.

"No," said Billy, more feebly than before, "there is no mistake," whereupon my indignation was thoroughly aroused and I exclaimed very scornfully: "I don't thank anyone for presenting me with a pair of cotton gloves," for those and nothing more were what the parcel contained.

Cotton gloves were associated in my mind with old John Reid's wife, who used to sit in front of us in church when I was a girl. She wore cotton gloves in winter for warmth, and in summer for style. She had very large hands, but the cotton gloves always succeeded in being several sizes larger.

No sooner had I given vent to my feelings than Billy essayed to speak. I think it was to prevent me from saying anything further.

"Billy, I bought them," said he. "I thought I ought to make you a little present after your being away all summer."

My indignation was gone, I wanted to laugh. There was not a bit of use trying to unsay what I had said about cotton gloves, because I felt that what I had said was true even if Billy did give them to me. We exchanged glances and had a hearty laugh. Then I told him that some day, when we go away out nowhere to a picnic, I shall wear those cotton gloves.

I smiled as I pictured to myself a tall, straight, finely built gentleman with handsome brown eyes and auburn hair (for Billy is handsome if I do say it myself) wearing a pair of eyeglasses and carrying a barrister's grip, entering that swell store on Yonge street and asking for "Ladies' gloves, please," whereupon the pretty saleslady, thinking this a snap, displays the finest lines, while my poor Billy gasps, "Ah,—er,—those in the window—marked ten cents." Men are great jokes!

BELL INNES.

Yes and No.

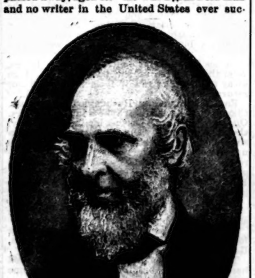
SOME people never say them! They aren't built that way! "I believe so," "I shouldn't wonder," and "perhaps" are their yes. While, "I don't know," "maybe not," or "not much" are their no. We conclude they mean an affirmative or a negative, after some intuitive gymnastics of our own, but their idioms don't say so. Some people are naturally timid and nothing scares them worse than those two little words. They are so brave, so irrevocable, so easy and yet so hard to utter. I can't bear to say no to the trembling beggar at my door, who asks: "Have you anything to-day?" I falter: "I am sorry, but——" while he—rings the next doorbell!

Miss Golden-spoon longs to breathe one sibilant "yes" to the question beaming from the handsome eyes of young Epicure, but it is a word so stupendous, so fraught with awful possibilities in the way of parental wrath that she dares not, though she would! Mr. Hallfellow, who doesn't want to drink more than is good for him, would fain strengthen his tongue to the utterance of that pregnant No—but it is every time too much for him. One so seldom meets a square, outspoken "yes" or "no" that they come like a surprise when they do come. They are the realities of language, as pitiless as judgment day, as grand as eternity. Long ago the Lord of Truth condemned all our verbal squirming and pleaded for the simple yes or no. Looking into the hearts of us, he saw what trouble we would miles and what shame escape through clinging to those grand little words. But we were wiser, we thought of the slippery charm of "perhaps" and the squirming beauty of "probably," and the clear-cut cameos of speech were thrown aside for these bedizened and many-colored prevarications. I love yes and no. When I go for aid to the man who can aid me, if he will, I want him not to hesitate until his favor is an insult, or to buoy me with false hopes when he intends to refuse. Square "yes," until my heart is full of gratitude, or grave "no," that is quickly destructive and not cruelly lingering—these are the words that don't suffice for a liar; they bear in their brevity the swift, sharp touch of truth.

G. E. D.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

At Hampton Falls, N. H., on Wednesday, John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet, passed away, aged 85. He was a grand old man and no writer in the United States ever succeeded in winning the love of the people as he did. He seemed to throw his personality out over the millions, and his simple, sweet, unpretentious verse will live when more carefully chiseled productions have ceased to be. Peace to him.



O'Nale Has It.

"OCH, Mrs. Whallen, dear, the black scourge is upon us, and me Moike has the rale Humbug chollery awful bad. Only the day forninst yisterday he was that well he et forty cobs of corn, frish from the pot, if he et one, and to-day the poor owld man has been tuk that bad he has not lift his bed since, save to git up to eat his males and thin git back again. The poor fellow can't lift his head from the pillar with the cramps in the stomach. It's jist dridful, me dear. But I tell you, Ann Whallen, if they insolate me Moike they insolate the whole O'Nale family—cow, pig, hins and all—for we'll niver lave poor Moike as long as he's above ground, and they'll have to put us all into the quarrytine together if they try it on him. And if me Moike dies I'll sue the Government for a loife interest for letting thim darty divils of Humbuggers crass our wather. Now, what do ye think of it, Ann Whallen?"

"Faith, Mrs. O'Nale, dear, ye axe me a very puzzlin' question indade. Bliss your dear heart, but poor Mr. O'Nale has the chollery no doubt, but, if I may make so bould, I tink after atin' all thim corn cobs it's the common Canadian hog chollery he's got."

CATHARINE VAUGHAN.

Blunders.

For Saturday Night.

The half of our actions are blunders, and he
Who makes fewest, must sure be considered to be
The wisest of mortals, possessed of, in fact,
That quality, greatest of fate's gifts called tact.
Where love's mixed with war, in that keenest of strife
Which most of us go through in winning a wife,
You'll find this same valuable gift gain your bride,
And more, keep her tranquil when to you she's tied.
I'm sorry to say it, but viewed in this light,
You'll find tact tests modest worth clean out of sight,
For it keeps you from strife, from the ne'er ceasing woes
Which beset him who constantly treads on folks' toes.
Of course there are blunders, which, guided by luck,
Steer us straight to a post which no genius or pluck
Could get us in sight of. I loved like a brother
A man, who oppressed by his wife and her mother
Contrived one cold day by the merest mistake,
To upset his dear mother-in-law in a lake.
And when she got out, after shrieking and hallooa,
And kicking and plunging, and taking long swallows
Of cold, muddy water, she seemed quite subdued,
And pious, and prayerful, and altered of mood.
Besides, she took such a dislike to the place
That man never after set eyes on her face.
Another I knew who when shooting one day
With a bachelor uncle, in some blundering way,
While crossing a fence in pursuit of his game,
Blew a very large hole through his relative's frame;
And the only result of this action so rash,
Was his getting by will quite a lot of hard cash.
So blunders may, perhaps, turn up trumps, but most times
Tact, valuable tact, o'er all obstacles climbs.
Gets you out of scrapes with the dons at your college,
Adds fifty per cent. to your small stock of knowledge;
Gets you into engagements with lots of nice you-woo,
And what's harder still, gets you out of them too;
Makes your friends think you guided by some lucky star,
Makes your wife think you better than you really are,
Which it's difficult sometimes for women to do,
Their sense of our faults is so dear and so true,
And if you add to it the heart of a man,
Will guide you through life as no other thing can.

Picton. REGINALD GOURLAY.

To a Mosquito.

For Saturday Night.

Oh, rude marauder! at the midnight hour
Thou'st waked me from my slumbers. Thy small cry
Quavering and shrill still rings in mine ears.
Ah! what is this? Thou hast waylaid and wounded
And drank of my life blood, while yet I sleep,
And raised a mound of quivering flesh to mark
The spot where thou thy bloody charge hast made.
"N-nuum, n-n-n-nuum." What! piping up again?
Again I feel the fanning of thy wings,
Now on my cheek, and now upon my brow.
Oh, epicure! and wouldst thou probe again?
Again with thy envenomed tongue wouldst pierce
My quivering flesh and slake thy hungry maw
With blood, long blue'd to thy aesthetic taste.
Yet, oh my enemy! withhold thy spear,
Refrain thee yet a moment from the charge
And I will write thine epitaph; see yet
The descending blow with awful thwack
Shall crush thy fair round scull or break thy spine.

EPITAPH.

Here lie the bones of one, no coward he,
Who, when the daring raid was subtly planned,
Did boldly sound the charge, "N—nuum,"
And with uplifted spear rush to the onslaught;
When, ah! thy wily foe, ere thou couldst strike,
Did raise his giant hand and lay thee low.

"N-n-nuuum, na-a-a-a-um, n-n-n-n-num."
What! dost thou dare to settle on my nose?
Take that——! And one mosquito less
Shall sound his warning trumpet in mine ear.
Ah, umf! where is thy carcass small?
"N-n-nuum, n-n-n-nuum, na-a-a-a-um, n-n-n-num,"
Confound it! I have missed him.

CLARA H. MONTCASTLE (Carle Sims).

A Seaside Sketch.

For Saturday Night.

She trips it along the silvery sands
With glistening pebbles strewn,
While far from the beach sounds the sea-bird's screech
And the mournful cry of the loon;
Her choral cheeks by the salt-winds kissed,
Her hair by the breezes blown,
Enwrapped in the folds of a shawl by net,
The faher maid hastens—alone.

Her eyes scan the distant horizon,
And she longs for the even-tide
And the vesper-bells, like the sallent swells
Of the waves 'gainst the gray cliff's side;
And the fishermen's call when they first descry
The welcomed throng on the shore,
And her heart in accord with the billows' roar
Throbs fast with a feverish glee,
And a merry lay, as she wends her way
Beside the seething sea,
Soars far above—'tis a song of love
And the waves sing a soft refrain.

Symptoms.

For Saturday Night.

Low droop her veiling lids, dark fringes meet,
And hide away the secret of her eyes.
Pink flushes mount her half wearied cheek,
And linger, crimsoning, where a dimple lies.
What means this glow of rich warm life amove?
One whispers me, "'Tis so, when maidens love!"

Her lips part slowly, while a fragrant sigh
Steals from the sudden impulse of her breast,
And all unessily her laces lie,
Stirred softly in a vague and quick unrest.
What means this breath that flutters to and fro?
One whispers me, "When maidens love, 'tis so!"

Oh, bright eyes veiled, oh, red lips mute and still,
Surely some spell doth wrap me round about!
While sudden tears those veiled eyes over fill,
And one hushed sob those trembling lips doth pout.
Sweetheart, I'd dare thy wrath! My hearing prove!
Whisper me! Is it so when maidens love?

LAUNCELOT.

The Hour for Music.

For Saturday Night.

In the dreamy hour of the twilight,
Ere the night's shadowy form has appeared,
'Tis then music's strains thrill the heart with delight,
'Tis then heaven's peace seems most neared.

In the dusty light of some sheltered nook
Where the face is robed by the gloom,
Where the form of the player is screened from the look,
And the tender strains steal through the room,

We leave far behind us earth's care and its sorrow
Its sharps and its flats no longer molest,
No longer we're troubled by thoughts of the morrow;
All else is forgotten, our hearts know but rest.

Away into peacefulness smoothly we're floating,
Away from the earth our souls take their flight,
O'er visions of beauty far they are gloating,
The tender strain ceases. Alas! It is night.

Queensville. R. W. Large.

A Far-Sighted Young Man.

Shippen Clarke—Why do you give so expensive jewelry to your *fiancee?*

Cashin Hand—I do it from economical motives.

Shippen Clarke—How's that?

Cashin Hand—If I spent money on theaters, oyster suppers, candy and the like, it would be sunken capital; but after we are married I shall be able to raise money on that jewelry. See?

Between You and Me.

IF there is one journalist more than another whom I should like to be, it is Labouchere of *Truth*. I watched his exchanges for the last number of his racy publication, and I laughed consumedly over the first few paragraphs. He has had them thrust upon him, poor man, by the *quid nunncs* and "I told you so's" of the English people. I think it is too funny to hear him telling how disinterested and devoted a Radical he is and how little he cares where Labouchere comes in so long as the country is safe. Ah, Labby, Labby, there are two mistakes one is apt to make when one talks about oneself, to tell folks how good one is, or to confess how bad one is. No one believes you either time, you know! People don't want confessions or assertions of that sort. You and I think certain things of certain people, and they may talk and confess and vow and declare till the crack of doom and we'll be "of the same opinion still!" I think the outspoken Radical editor expected to be placed, and so do lots of others; he doesn't say he didn't, but says he isn't a bit put out at being left out. Anyone who wants to be tickled in very funny wise should read *Truth* of August 25.

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The Philistines be upon us! I don't know how everyone else feels, but I did feel a bit nervous when the electric cars were started on King street. I felt like going and hanging up big signs on the corners: "Look out for the cars!" that a timely warning might come before the eyes of our visitors. It is to be expected that people accustomed to quiet country roads and front streets of placid towns should get rattled when they come to Toronto. I get just so when I go to New York and chase about the city after friends and editors and bargain counters, and I never feel cross if anyone accuses me of it. But then I am not a farmer's wife nor daughter, and sad experience and a severe clawing a year ago have taught me that such are sometimes unduly sensitive. Why, I cannot for the life of me imagine. But to return to the cars. I heard two little sentences across the office the other day, which amused me a good deal. "Well, you're still killing people on those electric cars. Now, we don't need to kill our folks in Hamilton, haven't killed one." The other voice drawled slowly and good-naturedly: "No, you can't spare any," and the Hamilton man, after a pause and a gag, slid out of the door.

Surely this *fin de siecle* is the age of fakes! There is the fake parson, the fake lawyer, the fake doctor and the fake employment agent, the fake newspaper, with its fake prizes and competitions, and the fake lottery, which is the only fake likely to get its deserts. There are always fools to meet the fakes half way, emotional women, who are spiritual hypochondriacs, and nervous creatures, who are in the same affliction as to their perishing bodies; and needy but trusting souls who chase will-o'-the-wisp situations, and poor silly women, who want diamond rings for half-yearly subscriptions, or list of words, and dishonest and conscienceless men who hope for a whale of thousands of dollars in return for the sprat of one! All fakes, the whole lot of them! The worst of them is that they do harm to the honest substance of which they are the shadow. Every fake parson keeps many souls in darkness, every fake doctor keeps many bodies racked and writhing, until in time they turn and rend fakes and honest men alike in their excess of impatient misery. Every fake newspaper steals away thousands of dollars that would otherwise come to honest journals run on their merits, irrespective of diamond rings and dress patterns. How blind these mortals be! And though the fakes wither like Jonah's gourd, in double quick time, still they are thorns in the sides of honest folk, while they grow and flourish and someone gets the dollars. They look out for that, do the fakes!

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Among the many schools of art, of physical culture, and of design, there has sprung up, or is about to spring, the School of Conjugal Happiness. The pupil will be instructed in the art of pleasing man! She will take a course of scientific wooing and learn all the depths and shoals of coquetry and love-making; she will take a course of pouts, a short *sceance* of smiles; a vocal lesson on no and yes, with every possible inflection; sermons on scolding and lectures on coaxing will equip her for her pretty conquests. After these lighter studies have made her ornamental, she will learn to broil a steak, with a seraphic expression and unfailing skill, and will take a short term of baby-tending as a *bonne-bouche*, for a final. A graduate's certificate of proficiency and success will be given to those students who pass, and ting-a-ling will probably go the merry marriage bells *toute suite!*

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All very fine, say I! but is the School of Conjugal Happiness to have no male graduates? I should like to see some of the arbiters of our fate at their lesson too! A course of chivalry, comprising coal carrying, ashes sifting, kindling chopping and fire making, and a short season of vocal culture, on the pianissimo and dulcissimo tones, a few lectures on tobacco smoking and cocktails, in an economical aspect, a strong and stiff essay on duplicity as condoned by marriage, a general dissertation on duties present and to come, and a rousing valedictory on selfishness would be beneficial. It is but little use starting these studies after matrimony has taken place. It's hard to teach an old dog new tricks; men and women need to graduate pre-nuptially, and to make the road to conjugal happiness their study in their salad days. How angelic the wedded life of the woman who doesn't want the last word, and the man who can kindle a fire without kerosene or profanity!

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In these days of traveling by land and sea, one comes across queer stories and experiences. I don't envy a lady friend who made the passage from Germany to England in a ship loaded with fireworks. While they were being unloaded, fires aboard were extinguished, and the passengers had to put up with a cold meal, as it was too dangerous to kindle even enough blaze to boil a tea-kettle. What a very tranquil and soothing day they must have passed!

•

The usual September epidemic of weddings has broken out. They are of daily occurrence, and one has no end of chance to study human nature in its flustered or envious or cynical aspects. Scarcely anyone is happy at a stylish wedding—they don't have time to be. Too many more important things than happiness are to the fore. The bride has her train and her bouquet and her veil to consider. The bridesmaids have their own cares and trials; the ushers perspire and smile and race; the best man can scarcely spare courage from his own scant store to help the groom face the crowds of tittering misses and criticizing dowagers in that awful moment's wait for the bridal party. The mothers are tearful, the fathers grave and serious; the crowd anxious, impatient, hot and stifled; the coachmen contemptuously indifferent, and only the gutter-snipes and street Arabs who guy the police and make remarks about the guests outside the church doors take any enjoyment out of the whole thing. I always enjoy myself, but it is mainly in watching the miseries of the rest of them. Then comes the reception, the congratulations, the conglomeration of ice cream and sandwiches, and champagne and *bon bons*. Then, O crowning horror and abomination, the inexcusable enormity of rice and slipper throwing, and the fugitive race for the carriage of a pelted and protesting pair. Why do they do it, the fiendish brothers and giggling girls? Why not treat the newly wedded with that consideration and honor which their exit demands? But no! Modern etiquette sanctions the outrage, and rice and old slippers fly in the face of refinement. Nobody "behaves" in church at a stylish wedding; nobody prays, nobody is expected to. In that sublime moment, when the seal of the Church is put upon the happiness or misery of two human hearts, you and I, instead of being awed and devotional, are scanning the gowns, wondering if the bride feels nervous, smiling at an acquaintance, or yawning over the whole affair. Talking about church behavior makes me remark on the queer attitudes people consider suitable for supplication. One man in front of me, one recent Sunday, folded his arms on the desk and laid his head on them, closing his eyes, just as if the only prayer he knew or intended to use was the well worn "Now I lay me!" A very natural attitude, and one quoted significantly in Scripture is the kneeling figure and the bent head covered with both hands, but my parson says that isn't right. It makes us lazy and drowsy, and we are enjoined to kneel erect, with face unbowed and hands uplifted, and we are not to lean against anything. Well, I simply can't do it—it is so crampy and hurts my knees!

•

Yesterday I saw a city garden that surprised me! It was just the usual narrow strip behind a house in a row, but the owner of it loved flowers and would have them. The fences were green with vines, the ground was covered with phlox, nasturtiums, white verbenas, alysaum, scores of parti-colored blooms, making the cramped little place a perfect picture. Tiny paths ran to and fro, encroached on by sweet, wandering branches of mignonette or honest, sprawly petunias, but oh, the sweetness and the surprise of it! I grudge the brick walls that shut it from the street. I want everyone to see it and to smell it, for it is very good.

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

A noted life-saver is Capt. Nicholas Murphy of Boston. In thirty-five years he has saved over one hundred persons from drowning.

Jay Gould carries a dime in his purse and says that he vividly remembers the time when it represented his entire worldly wealth.

An asylum for mothers-in-law is being built in Austria, by a wealthy Austrian woman, and provision has been made for five hundred occupants.

A school is to be opened in Japan by Mrs. Tel Lom, a highly educated Japanese lady of Tokyo, where she will teach the native women of her own rank.

The widowed Princess Nazal is the only upper-class woman in Egypt who is allowed to see men, and has this privilege through the special order of the Sultan.

Herr Von Hessler, Equerry to the Prince Regent of Bavaria, was killed by two ferocious mastiffs that attacked him while walking on one of the principal streets of Munich.

Tea and tobacco are assigned as the explanation of the prevalence among Russian women of crime over the women of any other nation. They smoke cigarettes constantly and drink enormous quantities of strong tea.

The orders and decorations of Prince Bismarck, if worn three deep, would cover the breast of a man six feet across the shoulders. The ex-Chancellor is said to possess more of these honors than any other man in Europe.

Four thousand dollars a year apiece are the salaries of the Countess de Nurasol, Miss Esta Hughes, and Fraulein Pauls, who are respectively the Spanish, English and Austrian governesses of the Infantas of Spain. Each receives, besides her salary, a home in the royal household.

A contrivance has been invented by Mrs. Harriet M. Plumb of New York for keeping cars supplied with fresh air without the annoyance of cinders. The new patent has been in use for some weeks on local trains between San Francisco and Oakland, California, and is very satisfactory.

Countess Li, wife of Li-Hung Chang, Chinese Viceroy, is dead. She was attended by an English physician and an American lady doctor. She was one of the most remarkable women of the day in China. She had the greatest influence at court, and was a trusty adviser of the Dowager Empress.

The real name of Dumas' famous Camille was Alphonsine Plessis; the great author portrayed her character as it really was. She had a natural talent and an instinctive refinement which no education could have enhanced. She never made a grammatical mistake; no coarse expression ever passed her lips.

Jane, Lady Shelley, the widow of the late Sir Percy, the poet's son, and successor to his grandfather in the baronetcy, was unable to attend the Shelley Centenary at Horsham. Lady Shelley's time is spent chiefly at Boscombe Manor; her health is but indifferent, and she lives in much seclusion.

The Gypsy Wagon---No. 2.

In which the Gentle Reader Inspects Some Rare Horses and Dogs and Travels a Dozen Miles.

BY MACK.

FELIX had arranged that a certain hotel over the Don should be the starting point, and here he had the covered wagon and the sulky taken, and the three horses, driven one after the other, as he purchased them. Here, too, Sampson and Casey had sent the cooking utensils, bed clothing and the merchandise. When they met Friday evening at old Telfer's office for a final consultation, they decided to gather at the hotel at nine o'clock in the morning and change their clothing, putting on their gypsy garb and getting a start down the road by ten.

Casey reached the rendezvous at eight o'clock and eagerly inspected the outfit. The three horses were such a collection that, horse-dealer though he was, he had never seen the like. One of them was stone blind, and the hostler informed him it belonged to the sulky. Those horses were thin—so awfully thin and jointy that Casey walked around them and hung up his hat on fourteen different bone-peaks on the team. He went back five paces and pitched his hat against the hip-joint of the old mare and there, after swirling around a couple of times, it neatly hung. He said it reminded him of making a ringer while pitching quoits. The hostler showed the professional estimate set upon the animals by saying that he had orders not to let any of 'em except the blind one lie down, and he was tired "a-proddin' of 'em all night."

THE IMPRESSIONABLE FELIX.

This intimation that the poor beasts had been denied the right to sleep for fear they would seize such a favorable opportunity for peacefully dying, angered Casey, but just then his attention was called to a most disreputable-looking female who came out from the hotel with two letters which she handed to him.

One letter was from Sampson, asking to be picked up a mile down the road and the other was from old Telfer, requesting that he be picked up at the toll-gate, as he knew the keeper.

"Them ducks," said Casey, "are ashamed to be seen starting out on this gypsy business. When I'm ashamed of doing anything I just don't do it, and as I'm playing gypsy, if I should this minute see the Queen sitting on that board fence across the road looking at me, it wouldn't curl a hair, dy'e see? That's the kind of a man I am. Well—I'll—be—blowed!!!"

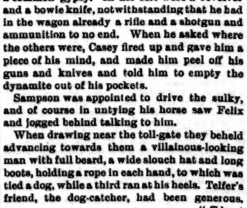
SNAP.

This astonishing conclusion to his statement of what manner of man he was, did not arise from the sudden appearance of her Gracious Majesty sitting astride the rickety board fence across the road and looking at him (as the startled hostler seemed to expect, for he gazed over enquiringly), but Casey had taken a square, full-face look at the coarse female who had given him the letters, and that eccentric creature with hands on hips and arms akimbo was smiling and leering at him with much effrontery. It was the irrepressible Felix in woman's clothes, false hair and an old shawl over his head and pinned beneath his chin. Brief explanations followed, and then the horses were hitched up, the blind one in the sulky being tied behind the wagon. They drove out of the yard, both the man in front and the woman looking out of the rear, smoking new clay pipes. Three-quarters of a mile down the road Sampson was seen crossing a vacant field, and looking more like a Mexican greaser than a common gypsy. In his belt were a revolver and a bowie knife, notwithstanding that he had in the wagon already a rifle and a shotgun and ammunition to no end. When he asked where the others were, Casey fired up and gave him a piece of his mind, and made him peel off his guns and knives and told him to empty the dynamite out of his pockets.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Sampson was appointed to drive the sulky, and of course in untying his horse saw Felix and jogged behind talking to him.

When drawing near the toll-gate they beheld advancing towards them a villainous-looking man with full beard, a wide slouch hat and long boots, holding a rope in each hand, to which was tied a dog, while a third ran at his heels. Telfer's friend, the dog-catcher, had been generous. "That lets him our," said Casey good humordly. "He came down here early with the dogs." Telfer was proud of his mongrels. The one running behind was a handsome fellow and he was named Snap and allowed to run at large. The other two were tied under the wagon. One of these was soused in the first creek they came to and christened The Philosopher, because it was early noticed that he had a frequent habit of scratching his head in a very thoughtful and reflective way. He was endowed with great mental application, too, for though kicked over while in this reflective posture he would resume it forthwith as though unconscious of interruption. Telfer named the other dog Saturday, in honor of the day of his discovery, after the example of the Portuguese explorers.



CASEY ENCOURAGES OLD TELFER.

When old Telfer had finished fussing around tying the dogs, he saw the womanized Felix, and said he would go home if there was to be any such blamed tom-foolery.

But Ophelia (fem. of Felix) had too sharp a tongue for him and gave him a sound gypsy setting-out. That wig cost money and was not going to be discarded, besides, in theatrs most actors looked unnatural in wigs, but having a small head Ophelia could wear one becomingly. More than that, no gypsy outfit was complete without a woman to cook and tell fortunes, and as for children, it was intended to kidnap a couple along the road.

Just here Casey got into trouble with a teamster who was driving into town with a load of furniture, and the fellow was swearing tremendously because he had to pull to one side and stop.

"That's our weakness, boys," said Casey, his voice very, very sad. "It'll give us dead away. Not one of us can swear back at a fellow the way a fellow has a right to expect from gypsies," and he looked from face to face disapprovingly.

The teamster was swearing still and Casey felt in honor bound to say something. "Shut up!" he yelled. "Close your head or I'll climb up there and choke you. I eat men like you every night." The teamster saw a powerful gypsy with one foot menacingly placed on the dashboard and he drove on, no doubt saying that "those fellows are a murderous lot."

"Yes, boys," said Casey, swishing the whip away under the trace chains in hopes of finding a fresh and tender spot on the off mare's hide, "that's our weakness. I did the best I could, and not so bad either, but we should have brought Adams along. Now he'd have sworn that fellow dizzy in a minute." Adams was a stableman in his employ who swore in much the same way as other men whistled at their work.

The party was now actually on the road, but the first day was somewhat of a trial trip. Rather early in the afternoon they pulled up near the beach not far from Port Union for the night. The horses were tethered and fed, a fire started and Ophelia, assisted by Sampson, got supper. Encouraged by Casey, old Telfer made a few villainous improvements in his garb, and before dusk all had abandoned themselves to the rough and ready spirit of gypsy life. After a square meal, they sat and smoked by the embers of the fire and planned and planned.

(To be Continued.)

A Cool Conversation.

A WHILE ago I was traveling from Toronto to ——. Directly in front of me sat two young ladies whose conversation I found so entertaining that I shall record it for the public benefit. One was a Canadian, tall, trim as a deer, with a merry, tanned face; the other an English girl, small, neat and rather pussy-like. I decided that the Canadian was motherless and sisterless, for she had a boyish air, imbibed, no doubt, from her brothers, and that she ruled her father and "auntie" with the good-humored tyranny of an indulged only girl. I am certain Miss Jones, the English girl, never had a brother, she couldn't be other than sedate and never romped in her life.

The talk turned, first on fancy work, in which Miss Jones was evidently an enthusiast. Miss Brown confessed without a blush that she had never finished a piece in her life, in spite of her auntie's endeavors. Flowers were a greater success. Miss Brown descanted on finding "pitcher plants" in Muskoka, and digging under dead leaves for arbutus and hepatica; but flowery to Miss Jones meant geraniums and such like, I know.

"Oh, dear Miss Brown, describe your sports to me; you know I have been so short a time in Canada."

"Do you mean boating, and all that?"

"Oh, dear, no. I dislike boating exceedingly. My sisters and I went out in a sailing boat not long since, and they made us sit on the edge, while the other side was away down, dipping under water. We were so alarmed."

"And canoeing or rowing?" with a comical smile.

"Oh, dear Miss Brown, you could not persuade us to enter into one of those little boats! Your winter sports we have read so much about—tobogganing."

"You know what a toboggan is like?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, unless the hill is very steep, an artificial slide is erected in order to get a better start, all sit down, the person in front of you sits on your feet, and you return the compliment by sitting on the feet of the person behind; you put your chin on your knees,"—Miss J. slightly shocked—"and grasp the side rails. The steerer sits at the back. When all are ready somebody says, 'Let 'er go!' Then you fall down through freezing ice-cold air that snatches the breath out of your lungs and pinches your nostrils together; before you get over the first gasp you are at the bottom of the slide and strike the bump. I never saw a toboggan slide yet that hadn't a bump at the foot of it," with an air of thoughtful consideration. "Then on you go, leaping the hollows, striking the bumps, and whizz you are at the end of the run, and scrambling to your feet, for the next party is close behind. Then you walk back and do it all over again."

"Dear me! and do you find it enjoyable?"

"Enjoyable! Well, I guess I do. We haven't a toboggan of our own, for father thinks a bob-sleigh safer."

"What is it like?"

"It is two small sleighs fastened together with a long, strong board. The board is fastened firmly to the hind bob and with a pivot to the front bob. The steerer sits in front and manages with a pair of ropes as if it were a horse—" Miss J. plainly mystified. "Oh, we have gay times on our old bob," she laughed gleefully. "My brother Harry always takes me down alone first to try the hill. He has to have ballast, you know. He says he wouldn't mind breaking my neck, but it wouldn't do to break some other fellow's sister's neck."

The brotherly compliment horrifies the little English girl. "But I thought you said that a—ah—was safer than a toboggan?" she gasped.

"So it is, but they must find where the drifts are, you know. One evening Harry, a friend and I went up to Mather's Hill in Rosedale. It is S-shaped and rather difficult to steer around. We were to meet a party of friends at the other and longer hill. As we couldn't leave Alice alone while we tried the hill, she had to go with us. While we were two-thirds of the way down we struck a deep drift. Harry telescoped, then turned a somersault; Alice plunged both feet into the drift and I firmly believe she went clean down to mother earth. Harry pulled her out and then came to me. I wasn't as lucky as they were. I went in head first and put my arms in too. He got me out and drew off his mittens to fish for the snow that went down the back of my neck. He got as much out as he could, and I soon warmed up the rest."

"Oh, dear! how excessively uncomfortable."

"Bless you, no. Accidents will happen to all men and most women. Well, we went on, drawing the sleigh till we met the rest of the party. They had an accident in that very drift and broke their front bob." All this was told with many smiles and animated gestures.

"There were two *such* big girls there that night," she proceeded. "Once I sat between them, the bigger one behind me and our Harry behind her; Jack Harvey was steering. Just as we rounded a sharp corner Miss Forman let go the rail and put her hand on me to steady herself. She leaned so heavily I just popped out like a ball, and came down with a thump on the side of my face. When they reached the end of the run Jack Harvey was counting noses. 'Why, where is Nellie Brown?' he asked. 'Hal, didn't your sister come down this time?' Hal said he put me on but supposed I had got off again. Miss Forman had recovered her balance, and holding her face low to protect it from the wind she hadn't noticed me fall. Wasn't it funny?" she asked, with a gay laugh. Miss Jones assented doubtfully.

"Snow-shoeing is splendid fun, too, and ice-boating. Oh—"

But here the brakesman entered shouting: "Jump off Junction, change cars for Tother-place;" of course he didn't say that, but dear knows what he did say. I was sorry the two girls gathered up their things and left, the English girl with a firm resolution written even on her neat coil of hair, never, never to tempt providence by joining in any such dangerous pastimes.

The day was so warm and so dusty that I found the subject of conversation delightfully cool and refreshing—don't you?

SISTER AG.

P.S.—Don't you think the English girl an exception to the rule?

The Attentive Member.

"Was there a good sermon this morning?"

"I don't know. I was thinking about something else at the time. But my foot went to sleep."

Mechanical Analogy.

We often find that our little vices naturally have a gripe like pincers.

An Important Point.

"Is that really a glass eye?" said Maude to the optician.

"Yes, ma'am."

"How strange! it is not transparent. How does the wearer see through it?"

Resentment.

Policeman—Here, what are you doing—trying to kill that operator?

'Rastus—Why, I was writin' a telegram, an' I simply askin' him if dey war one or two effs in tough an' he say dey war none, an' I se jus' resentin' de insult.

The Duel at Frog Hollow

By WILL H. HARBEN.

A balmy summer morning. A weather-stained cottage in a Georgian town. A ragged fence, made half of planks, half of mismated pales surrounded a weed-grown yard. A man pen against the front fence held a hungry inmate, which squealed at every passer-by. A portly, middle aged negress smoking a clay pipe, her heavy eyelids half closed over somnolent orbs, sat in the cottage doorway, over which clambered a purple and yellow clematis vine. A tall negro slouched down the sidewalk in the sunshine and opening the sagging gate slowly entered. His head was bound up with a blood-stained cotton handkerchief and one of his eyes was frightfully swollen. The woman did not look up till her husband was before her, then she roused herself with a start.

"De Lawd save us, Peter, what kin got the matter?" she exclaimed.

The newcomer did not answer but, stepping over the woman's feet, he passed into the cottage, followed by her anxious glance. He took a seat near a window and began to rub his injured brow with his long black hand.

"What dis, Peter? Have er mule throwed yer? Is yer been blowed up wid er blastin' rock?"

Her rapid questions seemed to irritate him.

"Huh! no!" he grunted, turning his broad back upon her and closing an eye to test the sight of its blearing mate.

"My!" exclaimed his wife, knocking the cold ashes out of her clay pipe into the palm of her hand, from which she emptied them outside the door; "my! watcher bunged up so fer! You look 'lak er house might er fell on yer."

"I got in er lill 'sturbance wid Nelse Pullam," said the wounded black, sheepishly; "he 'lowed I tol' er lie, an I ha' 'im hat one er my J'oies in de lef' jaw. No nigger kin tell me open face I lied."

"En so yer hat er rag'lar fs' fight; wall, dat's too bad, tut! I reckon yer did right, kase de ain't no use'n letten er nigger run dry shod over yer. But I hope ter goodness you blooded 'im up wasn't yer? kase if you didn't Mandy in dee boun'en sho ter th'ow it up ter me at ch'ch Sunday.

"Tain't end' yit," said Peter, waxing a little warm over the recollection that by active dodging Nelse had come out of the fight without any signs of injury to his personal appearance. His began to strike his eye with increasing frequency, and blurted out: "You des hol' yer tasters en wait—dat's all—you des wait; ef you don't yer supple drap, you ain't er settin' in dat cheer; now dis is Peter Brown er talkin'.

"Yer ain't gwine fight ergin, is yer?" asked the woman. "Seem lak yer orter hat it out en done wid 'fo' yer stop."

"Nelse 'low we's fer er duel lak Marse Johnson en Marse Martin is fit las' mont'," answered Peter, with a b'ending of dignity and awe in his tone. "He 'low his secum will call roun' on me terreckly en fer me ter be ready."

"You don't sah!" exclaimed Aunt Frances. "You gwine fight er duel? Lord, dat des do bea' de wor'! It'll be fus' one darkies ever hat up in dis town. I naver is spec' ter live ter see de day my own husban' is in er duel. I hope en pray w'en dis duel is thoo wid, dat Nelse will let you erlone, no matter which one kills, or mebby beto', de'll b' er big funeral en talk. W'har it gwine tek place?"

"I don't know vit."

"Kin women folks go?"

"No," haughtily; "I'ld yer pig w'en you is doin' de lill gumption you bo'n wid! You orter know nobody is 'low ter be present on sech casions 'cep de two men en two secums en mebby er doctor er two."

At this juncture three negroes came hurriedly up to the gate.

"Hello, Peter," said the foremost one, panting as if he had been walking very fast, "how you is?"

"I'm teler'ble, Jim," answered Pete, rising slowly and going to the door; "won't yer come in en set arwhile?"

"No," said the negro, looking significantly at aunt Frances, who still obstructed the doorway; "no, I jes' call 'round ter see you on er lill private business. Come out ter de gate."

"Watcher want?" asked Peter, walking out and leaning over the fence.

"Peter," began the visitor in a pleading tone, "Peter, Nelse Pullam 'low you en him is fer er duel; an I come 'light over hes kase I want ter be yo' second. Me an you is good frien's, en I 'low I orter hat it kase I de fus' one ter ax you. I ain' gotter blame spec' er use for Nelse kase he run ergin me fer deacon in we-all's ch'ch, en I want ter be wid you w'en yo' ball lay 'im out. Now, kin I hab de place?"

Peter hung his swollen head between his two hands for a moment. A suspicious observer might have noted that he was very ill at ease.

"Watcher seh, Peter?" asked Jim anxiously.

"Jim Banks," said Peter sternly, "who tol' yer dat black scrapin' er de earth want er fight er duel? Who tol' yer, I seh, who tol' yer? Dat's all I ax now, who tol' yer?"

"I is yer 'im myse'f," answered Jim; "he tel' 'em Black Bob tel' me, I reckon, dat Nelse Pulla'n seh Peter hatter fight or duel er back clean out!"

"Yes, he did, Peter," spoke up the negro addressed, who had been eagerly drinking in the conversation with open mouth, "yes, Jim ain't tellin' you no lie; Nelse did seh he gwine tuck yer; kin lightnin' is struck yer, I don't wanter mix up in it, but dat's what Nelse seh."

"If he ever do git in front er my 'volver," said Peter, obviously buoyed up by the negro's reference to Nelse's cowardice, "of he do, you gwine yer suppin drap, dat's certain."

"But, Peter," urged Jim, looking anxiously up the street as if he feared someone else would appear to claim the honor of acting as Peter's second—"but, Peter, you ain't ie me know yit kin I be secon'; what's de use'n waitin'? I want ter know so I kin git ready."

"I don't b'lieve Nelse Pullam want no duel," said Peter with perverse evasion, and a shadow fell across his disfigured features. "Dat nigger wouldn't fight er rabbit."

"Well, persisted Jim half despondently, "ef de is er duel, kin I be yo' secon'—des in case de is one, dat's all?"

"Yes," said Peter doggedly; "but I won't fight now, you see."

"Yer come Bob Lash now," chimed in one of the lank, dusky bystanders. Silence fell among the group as a shiny-faced young darky, dressed in a dark suit and a long linen duster, turned the corner and strutted down the sidewalk to them.

"Dis is whar Mr. Peter Brown lives, is it not?" he said haughtily.

"You know yer in my house, Bob Lash," said Peter significantly. "You is been yer at d'ner time often enough. I reckon I is de man you out lookin' for. I'm 'light yer in my own ya'd, en I is been yer fer er hour."

"I wanter see you in private er moment," returned Bob in a very dignified tone; "what I is gotter seh is des 'twix' us."

Peter turned toward the house and Bob followed him.

"I'm his secon'," said Jim. "Le'me go wid you; Peter may need my 'vice."

The dapper darky turned and smiled broadly and condescendingly upon the speaker.

"You mus' be very ignorant er de code, suh, er you wouldn't spose you could be er man's secon' fo' his 'ponent is sen' 'im er 'ficial chal'enge. I hatter repeat dat my affair is wid Mr. Peter Brown, en I come ter see 'im in private."

"Dat's so, Jim," said one of the bystanders, "dat's so, kase he des now come ter fetch de dare fum Nelse; let um go off an' you wait."

Jim and his two followers leaned upon the fence while Peter and his caller went into the cottage. Aunt Frances had slipped away to impart the exciting news to some near neighbors, and the men were alone.

Seating himself, Bob coolly and ostentatiously put his hand into the pocket of his coat and produced a much-soiled note.

"Mr. Peter," said he in a declamatory tone, "I hab de honor ter fetch you dis 'munication fum my frien' Mr. Nelson Pullam, regardin' de lill 'sturbance you en 'im hat up a' de warehouse w'en you wuz bofe liftin' at de cotton bale. It's er painful duty, but such things mus' happen sometimes 'twix' men wid honor."

Peter took the note in his trembling hand and raised the bandage from his swollen eye. He could not read a word, and yet he scanned the sheet critically. Bob was aware of his illiteracy, so he waited a moment, then said:

"I beg yo' pardon, suh, but de paper is blotted er lill, en I will read it fer you."

"Mr. Peter Brown.

"Dear Sir.—Dis yer note will be han' ter you by my bo' frien'. I now dare you, en de code dare you ter meet me on de fiel' er battle dis evenin' at fo' erclock at Frog Holler, close ter de spring. Nelson Pullam,

"Deacon in de Baptis'Chu'ch in good standin'."

Peter seemed petrified as he listened to the reading of the note.

"Did Nelse Pullam write dat? Did he? I des wanter know; did he? Dat's all, did he?" he exclaimed in abrupt, staccato sentences.

"I'm sorry ter fo'm yer dat, I dis yer is not Nelse Pullam's han' writin'. He cayn't write no better'n chicken tracks. Bein' en he p'int me his second, I writ it fer 'im. He didn't know how ter fo'm er challenge; but long's I wuz wid the duel party las' mont', en am er ole han' at sech things, I know de code thoo and thoo."

"Nelse Pullam's de trifling' nigger in dis town. I'm a good min' ter tek er box fo' en jes' down deh on spilt it over his head—dat's what I am!"

"See yer, Mr. Brown," protested Bob, "dis is no way ter transa' sech business er dis. I is come fer yer ter 'cep' dis challenge er back out, one or ter—en hit's high time I wuz gwine."

"Who talkin' 'bout backin out? You er fool, mister," blustered Peter, as he noted that Jim and his companion had approached the window on the outside and were eagerly listening to the colloquy. "You certney is clean gone out'n yo' head if you 'low I'm erfeared er Nelse Pullam."

"Wi den," returned Bob, as he drew his wrinkled duster round him and stood up, "is you choose yo' second?"

Peter pretended to be too busy with his eye to hear him.

"He seh I may be in his secon'!" Jim shouted from the outside.

"Well, s'pose you come in en 'range fer de fight den, suh," replied Bob, getting into his garb of formality again. "I s'pose Mr. Brown is er lill upset wid de idea er tellin' his wife good-by fer good. Mebby he do need yo' 'vice."

Jim entered, followed closely by the two others, who slyly sneaked over against the wall to escape observation. Bob bowed ostentatiously to him, who greeted this unexpected ceremony with a look of surprise.

"I'm mo' happy ter meet yer," said the former, giving Jim his hand. "It is mo'n likely you never tuk part in er 'fare er honor befo', en may need some lill 'gestions yo'self. In Good Ca'lina my ole master use ter get in um mos' every mo'nin' fo' breakfus, en he al'ays hat me erlong to wipe off his pistols en tote um back home he done kill de man. S'ch matters is ve'y disagree'ble, but it seem lak de mus' happen sometime, lak sometimes you des 'bleged ter git yer pig w'en you is outer hog meat; blood is des gotter be split en dat end de trouble. My principal is off in de woods now practicin' wid his 'volver at er black spot on er tree, and des pawin' de groun', he's so mad."

Peter was standing before a little cracked mirror on the mantelpiece, readjusting for the twelfth time his bandkerchief around his head. Aunt Frances and three other colored women had stolen into the adjoining room, and were peering through the door-facing, with hanging lips and eager eyes.

"Dey don't want us in deh," muttered Aunt Frances, with a spiteful chuckle. "You folks stay yer. I'm gwine in en ax um do dey want er drink er col' well water. I do hope en pray dey'll fix it up so Peter kin fill dat long black dog wid lead!"

She waddled into the room, smiling and bowing profusely to the assembly.

"Scuse me, gen'men, jes' scuse me," she said; "I des 'trude myse' ter ax you will anybody 'fresh yo'self wid er dipper er cool well water while you is waitin'?"

They all declined her invitation, and Peter, evidently relieved by her entrance, turned round and said:

"Frances, what I is tol' yer time en ergin tell I is done tired out—not er 'sturb me w'en I is busy!"

Without a word in reply, Aunt Frances waddled hast'ily from the room and joined her friends.

"Well, Mr. Banks," said Bob to Jim, as he coolly flicked a bit of ashes from his sleeve, "I s'pose it in order now for you en me to 'plete de 'liminaries ter give dese two defended men er 'fare wid satisfaction. It is fer y' all ter 'cide. Is it ter be er fight er er backout?"

"Fight!" answered Jim cautiously, emboldened by the knowledge of his own security from danger. "De ain't no backout hidin in dis house. Ef de is, I don't know my bes' fr'en'. Peter Brown 'll fight er buzz sa'w—now you yer er talkin'. I'll write de note. Peter, is you gotter pen en ink handy?"

Peter was silent, but Aunt Frances cried out from the adjoining room:

"I'll git um, Jim," and she bustled in, producing the writing materials and placing them upon a table, remarking as she did so: "Jim Banks, tell that black-livered skunk, Nelse Pullam, he better git ready ter hab aliber put on his eyes."

"Frances," called out Peter, in a forced tone of anger, from the window, "what I done tol' yer? What I done tol' yer 'bout you open yo' mouf a'ays at the wrongest 'time?"

She bustled out in haste, and Jim seated himself to write an acceptance of the challenge.

"What I mus' tell 'im, Peter?" he asked.

Peter was stretching his neck out of the window and did not appear to hear the question. Jim sat expectant, with his eyes fixed on his friend's name, bent back, and allowed his mouth to fall ajar. The silence became awkward. Jim dipped the pen well down into the ink, scattering up the sediment in the bottom of the bottle.

"I b'lieve on my soul," said Peter, in half listless, half indignant tone, "I do b'lieve er hog is got in my turnip patch; de is some er de beatenes' in dis yer town I ever seed. I'm er good mile ter tek down my gun en kill one er dese fellers fer spite."

Bob Lash put on a semblance of disgust.

"I'm sho gittin' out er all patience wid you gen'men," he said; "dis de fus' time I ever witness sech perceedin's." He stood up, buttoning his flabby duster and swinging his hat and cane in his hands.

"Peter," pleaded Jim, "suppen hatter be done; you ain't er gwine ter back down?"

"Who seh I gwine ter back down?" said Peter, jerking the bandage from his head and pretending to roll up his sleeves.

"Nobody ain't seh you gwine back down," said Bob as he shifted a fresh cigar into the corner of his mouth and closed an eye to keep out the smoke. He shrugged his shoulders and then said to Jim: "Wi dat, dat's all I wuz y' all see Mr. Brown is 'cep' my frien's challenge, en all you is gotter do now, Mr. Banks, is ter write de note."

"What mus' I write?" asked Jim.

Bob puffed at his cigar a moment, then he dictated and Jim wrote:

"Mr. Nelson Pullam, colored deacon in de big Bethel Church: Dear Sub—Dis will be han' ter you by my friend,—no hol' up—dat won't do, kase I gwine tek it myse'f ter save time. Go on: 'Dis will be han' ter you ter by yo' frien' en 'ficient second, Mr. Robert Thornton Lash, who will ac' for me.'"

"No, I'm gwine ac' for Peter," interrupted Jim. "I'm his secon'."

"Dat's so, 'scuse me, des er slip er de lip; but go on wid de note; seh ter 'im: 'I'll meet you dun' fail at the p'inted place. Countin' de way I feel at the present writin,' I know that blood will be let out. I am, suh, yo' mos' erbedienservant!—'"

"Peter," broke in Aunt Frances indignantly from her point of observation, "don't you sen' no sech er note ter dat stinkin' Nelse Pullam—'erbedient servant!'"

"Dat's all 'ight, Miz Brown," said Bob, as he folded the note and moved toward the door; "I des er lill matter er style, lak quality people do." Then to Peter: "Mr. Brown, I have de honor er bid you good day, suh; we'll meet you de holler; en less'n de sheriff git dis in de win', we'll hab saterfaction 'fo' de day is troo."

Peter seemed roused by the sudden idea that the officers of the law might interfere, and he said to Bob, who now stood bowing in the door:

"You tell Nelse Pullam I'll be on han' early. I'm al'ays ready for his kin'."

At four o'clock the shady spot on the edge of the town called Frog Hollow held a peculiar gathering. Colored people of all shades, sexes and sizes hung around among the trees in whispering, speculating groups. Even a few red and blue gowns of women brightened the sombre background in the extreme edge of the spot. Peter and Jim sat on a fallen tree, and about fifty yards from them, on a stone, sat Nelse Pullam, a big revolver cocked ready in his hand. Bob Lash stood at his side, looking more important than ever and emitting perpetual puffs of cigar smoke.

"How you feel, Nelse?" he asked, looking at an old brass watch and then glancing up at the sun.

"Oh, I'm game enough; you kin bet on dat," said the ebon knight, shuddering and looking over his shoulder furtively as a sudden breeze entered a bush behind him. "I am no feared er no man dat ever seed de light er day."

"Well," said Bob, "I reckon it er about time me an Jim is medger off de paces. No use in waitin'. So long!"

As the two seconds advanced midway between the two so called duellists and began to step off the ground, every negro in view dodged out of sight behind a tree or stump.

Bob walked jauntily over to Nelse.

"All ready, Nelse," he said. "Come on en tek yo' stan'."

"Who tek what stan'?" asked Nelse. "Look yer, Bob, ef dat black nigger des dare—des dare ter come yer wharr I is, I gwine put er ball in 'im. Now, you yer me! I'm er gwine ter set 'ight yer on dis rock, en ef he come—well, you des keep yer eye open, dat's all!"

Jim had gone over to Peter and notified him that all was in readiness. Peter did not rise.

"You er fool, Jim Banks," said he, "you 'low I gwine out'n my way ter 'blige Nelse Pullam. He's de one dat sen' de challenge. I'm yer; en I'd des ter see 'im er anybody else make me move. See dat rock deh? pointing to a stone weighing about five pounds; "ef Nelse Pullam des dare ter come nigh me, I'll sen' it at his head. I wouldn't even cock dis pistol."

"Shuh!" grunted Jim, disappointedly, and he turned away to meet Bob, who was leaving Nelse.

"My man's er lill tired wid de walk over yer," remarked Bob indifferently. "I reckon we better wait er lill while on 'im."

"Peter seem ter be 'ight ready yet," returned Jim, mashing a troublesome mosquito on his cheek.

"Yes tell you de trufe, dough, Peter is er stric' ch'ch member, en I clare I b'lieve Peter think it wrong ter kill Nelse, but he's er makin' up his min' en fas' ez er dog kin tuck. He'll be ready in er minute; des now he look lak he wus prayin' ter de Lawd ter tek Nelse's soul in han'."

Both men were awkwardly silent for a moment as they looked off over the tops of the trees where a few buzzards were circling towards the earth. The pause was ended by Bob.

"Look-y yer, Jim," he ventured in a confidential, experimental tone. "I like Peter Brown en he's gotter nice woman fer er wife, seem lak it er pity ter have his funeral termorrer; he's er man 'at might live fifty years yit ef he let erlone."

"Dat des 'xactly de way I feel 'bout Nelse," said Jim, with a cunning twinkle in his eye; "he's er bragg'ocun en hard headed, but he's er nice feller, tel' im all in all."

"I wuz des er studyin'," went on Bob, "what's de use er dese fellers shootin' one nuther'n, ef dey won't be ter pay ter git de balls out'n de pistols? Ef dey don't know no diffunce, it all de same."

"Dat's a mighty good plan," acquiesced the other with a face-marring grin, "en den de wouldn't be sech er likelihess er stray balls er flippin' roun' us; no tellin' how blamed crooked yer er tekkin might shoot ef dey once got started."

Accordingly the two seconds sat down out of sight, and their two friends, and in a few moments they had picked the balls from the cartridges.

"Now dey'll do," chuckled Bob; "dey'll mek des de same fus' en dey won't be er bit er harm done. Now, Jim, I'm gwine hat dis duel er me 'n you kin tek it up; what yer seh?"

"I'm wiff yer," said Jim, and both of the men hastened to their principals. But no persuasion could induce the offended men to rise from their respective seats. At last the seconds began to venture nearer and nearer till a dozen or more stood around, indulging in raillery over the evident cowardice of the ones most concerned.

"Di' wun't never do," said Bob to Jim, in an undertone; "de whole town is gwine be laugh in ove dis; suppose we tell um de ain't no loads in de pistols, seem lak it de onliest way now."

Jim consented and both returned to their men.

"Peter," said Jim to his sulky friend in a whisper, "I wanter tell you suppen, en it mus'n't go er step furder: me en Bob Lash is tuk all de balls out'n de 'volvers so de cayn't be nobody hu't, en we is want some show er of fight in' out dis yer ter day. Kase de whole town 'll be er-laughin' en seh y'all bofe back down. Don't yer see (drawing a blank cartridge from the revolver), don't yer see it all 'light?"

Peter pretended not to have heard Jim's remark. He rose to his feet hastily, grasping the revolver.

"Who seh I gwine back out?" he asked in a thunderous voice; "who dare ter tell me dat in my face? I'm ready en-er-waitin'; show me what ter stan'."

Nelse Pullam was also on his feet and advancing toward the selected spot. The astonished spectators scattered like the fragments of an exploded shell.

"Hurry up en git ready," said Nelse, drawing himself up to his full height and lightly twirling with his revolver, as he stood, his right foot placed in front of his left. "Hurry up, I want dis done wid; it mos' sun down now."

"Hold on," said Jim, "w'en we count three, bofe mus' wheel roun' ez he ken en 'gin ter shoot, en shoot tell de last ball out'en de pistols at he has ter git ter pull de trigger."

"I object," protested Bob; "dat ain't 'cordin' ter de code; you mole up tee see dat dey gotten been done er anybody is prepared ter 'pologize."

Nelse grunted in profound derision, and Peter echoed the grunt with increased resonance.

"Hol' up," said Jim, "I mus' speak ter you in private, Bob."

The two seconds walked a few paces away together.

"Don't yer see?" said discerning Jim in a perturbed whisper; "don't yer see dat all de shots mus' be fired or somebody might get er hol' er de pistols atter it over en find out dey is blank loads?"

"Dat's sr fac'," answered Bob, "you is right." Then aloud to the others:

"Gen'men, de 'gestion er my bre' secon' is er lill out-de-reg'lar run, but ex you bofe is so bent on blood, we is 'cide 'at you mus' shoot all de balls des ez you like. You kin tek yo' time er you kin pop wid yer off lak er pack er fire-crackers."

The make-believe duellists began to quiver anew, but they held their revolvers out at arm's length in front of them and got ready to wheel round at the signal.

"W'en I git ter three," said Bob, "wheel en go at it. Now: One! Two! Three!"

The men turned and began to fire. Nelse's revolver cracked five times, but Peter in his agitation managed to explode but one shell.

"Hol' up!" cried Bob, and the smoke rose. "Now it seem dat Mr. Brown is got fo' shots lef'; en 'cordin' ter de code he is got er right ter shoot um all in my man. So far it look lak nobody ain't hu't, but I boun' yer dem trees out deh is got many er load in um. Now de 'fair res' 'twix' you two, en ef you kin mek saterfaction dout any mo' smoke an blood oil well en good; es fer my part I think bofe you men is sho dat you is brave fum de wud go."

Peter raised his revolver majestically and rested it upon the branch of a bush in a direct aim at his opponent's broad breast.

"Nelse Pullam," said he in a deep, thrilling tone, "I tell you de' mo' 'tails lef'; is you now willin', wid death en 'struction in yo' face, ter 'trac' what you seh ter me w'en you 'low I is er liar?"

Nelse folded his arms calmly, and looking round upon the sun-lighted spot and up at the sky as if he were bidding farewell to earth, said: "Seem lak I'm yo' meat; I reckon I mus' die lak er man; le'me hat 'im yer," putting his broad hand grandly upon his breast.

"I is got fo' mo' shots lef," threatened Peter slowly, keeping a steady aim at Nelse and humping his shoulders by way of emphasis. "Is I is liar or no?"

"Let um come," said Nelse, closing his eyes.

"Sholy, gen'men, dis kin be settle," interposed Bob. "You is bofe game, en hit do seem er pourin' shame ter hat one er sech fine men laid out erbout er lill matter. Cayn't suppen be done?"

"I is got fo' mo' ball; lef," repeated Peter, looking along the barrel of his revolver, after he had spit upon his hand to take a fresh hold of the handle.

"I don't keer ef you gotter whole houseful er um," said Nelse. "Yer won't see me back down, Peter Brown; yer des let um come; I got my whack at you en mine, kase I been smokin' too much; now you do de same."

"Let 'im off dis time, Peter," advised Jim; "shoot the shots off in the air like white folks does."

As if thankful for the suggestion, Peter slowly, magnanimously raised his revolver over his head, and with a bang! bang! bang! went his blank cartridges.

"Now, dat's er brave thing!" approved Bob. "Now seh hat's lak men; I fer one is glad dis is settle'."

The two armed men threw down their weapons, and in an instant they were warmly shaking hands and laughing.

"Peter Brown, I 'low I is er brave man," said Nelse as they walked away followed by a motley procession of admirers.

"Yes, dat's so," admitted Peter, "en I 'low I is, too; I didn't feel er single shiver thoo de whole battle."—*Short Stories.*

Well Stamped.

Editor—Johnnie, dit any stamps come with that poem of Howler's this morning?

Boy—Yes, sir; three two-cent ones.

Editor—Then run and get me a beer and a pretzel; after that you can carry the poem back to him.

A Cunning Man.

Trotter—Had your vacation yet?

Barlow—Yes; but I'm going to have a fortnight of malaria later.

A Wise Maid.

Grace—I don't believe in long engagements.

Rosalie—I don't know about that. They're better than none at all.

The Kind That Would Suit Her.

Peddler—Would you like to buy a motto, God Bless Our Home?

Mrs. Small (who keeps boarders)—No; but if you have any reading Curb Your Appetite, Eat Moderation, or Gluttony is a Sin, I'll take half a dozen.

The Beginning of an Unpleasantness.

"The scriptural injunction, my dear," said Mr. Carraway as he tried to eat some of his wife's bread, "is, Cast your bread on the waters. I fear this bread was cast in an iron foundry."

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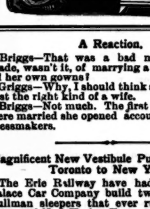

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A Reaction.

Briggs—That was a bad mistake Pringle made, wasn't it, of marrying a girl who made all her own gowns?

Griggs—Why, I should think she would make just the right kind of a wife.

Briggs—Not much. The first week after they were married she opened accounts with three dressmakers.

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At the Farmhouse.

Written for Saturday Night by Isabel Campbell.

Helen Crawford was working busily at her sewing-machine. The room in which she sat was but scantily furnished, having only a couple of chairs, a plain deal table and a light colored pine bedstead with a few other articles of the poorest description, to make its poverty even more apparent than empiness would have done. A small cupboard was built in the wall, and was the receptacle for some crockery and cooking utensils whose scarcity showed that the supplies of this household were the reverse of extensive.

The fire in the little box stove had burnt so low that it had ceased to yield any heat, but it was not replenished because the price of wood made rigid economy a necessity.

A stack of white clothing lay finished ready to be driven back next day, and as the worker oiled her machine to make it go more noiselessly, she cast an anxious glance at a crib that stood within reach of her foot. But she need not have been afraid of waking the tiny occupant. Baby Nell was enjoying the profoundest deep sleep of a tired infant, and it would have taken much more than the noise of even a rasping machine to have disturbed her slumber.

Helen herself was very weary, for she had been working all day with unusual steadiness because there were many urgent calls for the small amount of money which came to her as the result of her constant labor.

She sewed at a little dress until all the insertion was set in and nearly all the plaiting was made, then she let the nainsook fall into her lap in a fleecy mass and rested her head on her hand.

"It's fortunate I have little more to do to-night," she murmured, "for I'm quite fagged out. I mustn't get sick—oh, I must not! I believe I'm weak for food, for I couldn't eat any supper."

She threw a few bits of kindling into the stove and put on her kettle to boil in order to make some tea—a woman's sovereign remedy for weariness. As she did so a light tap came to her door, and it opened gently, admitting a lady.

"Oh, Miss Berry, I'm so glad to see you! Sit down. But how are you out so late alone?"

And Helen drew forward the only rocking-chair in the room for her visitor.

"Yes, it is late; but I'm not alone. At least, my brother Jack is not far off. He wanted to see young Joice, and I thought it would be a good chance for me to see you, too. And I'm glad I came, for really, Mrs. Crawford, you look ready to drop! What is the matter?"

"Oh, no! I don't think so. I hope not," said Helen, sitting down, while a faint, dizzy feeling passed over her. "I have been rather busy to-day, but am going to stop now."

"Stop! I should hope so!" said Miss Berry energetically. "Helen, you are worked to death. You must rest!"

"Rest!" Helen said, with a short laugh. "How can I do that, Miss Berry?"

"You need rest and entire freedom from all anxiety. You should go away from the city for a while."

Helen looked at her visitor in startled alarm. Has Miss Berry gone out of her mind?

"You know, of course," she said, after a moment's pause, "that for me a holiday is beyond the bounds of possibility."

"No, I don't. Helen, you know how necessary it is for you to keep well for baby's sake. Now, if I can provide the means, find a suitable home and supply the requisite wardrobe for yourself and the child, without your incurring any expense, will you accept the help?"

Helen Crawford flushed and paled and did not answer at first. Then she turned to her friend, and although there were tears in her large gray eyes her face wore a look of lofty sweetness.

"I would not dare to reject such kindness. Yes, Miss Berry, I will take advantage of your offer with gratitude."

"That's a dear, sensible woman! I will appeal at once for assistance from the Fresh Air Fund and I know that it will be granted on a justifiable demand. So as soon as we can arrange it you and wee Nell shall be reveling in the fresh air of the country. That's for one step on the stairs. Good night, dear, and go right to bed."

And that was how, before the end of the week, Helen Crawford and her little girl came to be members of Farmer McEwen's household at Glennora.

Helen was very happy, and as time went on her visit was extended at the urgent request of her hosts, for the mere anticipation of losing her and baby Nell, who had become a great favorite, filled them with grief and dismay.

Mrs. Crawford had completely captivated Mrs. McEwen by the aptitude she had displayed for household duties, while the lace caps which she had made for her "out of nothing," the wonderful drawn work with which she had adorned afternoon aprons, and the white figured vests which her deft fingers had fitted for her husband still more won her favor.

The universal kindness and appreciation shown to her child appealed most directly to the mother's heart, and perhaps the peculiar regard which Helen felt for young Rupert McEwen began in that way, for he lost no time in entering that path. In fact, he was Nell's most obedient slave—as faithful as dog, or any other member of her imaginary menagerie she chose to have represented by him. However that may have been at first, it was true that Helen had come to look upon him now and to think of him in a very different way from that in which she thought of his parents, although to think of them was to love them.

Rupert had walked over from the orchard one morning, and with a rake over his shoulder and a trowel in his hand stood by the gate talking to his mother, and Helen Crawford was the subject of their conversation.

"She always makes the bread now, and it's the best I ever tasted, and you know, my lad, there is a knack about making porridge like she does that can't be learned. Ah, laddie, if she were your wife now you would never have to say that the biscuits were not so good as your mother's!"

Rupert laughed.

"And would that please you, mother?"

"Of course it would! I would always be worried and vexed if you had to eat sour bread or badly cooked oatmeal or vegetables."

"But, mother—you seem to think it quite possible that Helen would be my wife for the asking."

"Do I! Well, suppose you do ask her, and then you can tell for certain."

At that moment Helen came round the house and up to where they stood. She wore a very simple dress of navy blue serge, and the breeze had ruffled the wavy coil of her golden hair, for she was bareheaded. Her manner was rather excited and troubled.

"I can't find Nell," she said, with a nervous laugh. "She has strayed beyond the reach of my voice."

"Oh, don't be frightened, Mrs. Crawford!" said Rupert reassuringly. "The wells are all covered and there are no dangerous places around. I'll find the little runaway."

And he strode off in one direction while Helen went in another, and Mrs. McEwen hurried away in a third.

Before long Rupert reappeared coming from a stable and Nell was on his shoulder rubbing her eyes and laughing over into his face as he talked to her.

"There she is, Mrs. Crawford," he said, as Helen came towards them. "quite safe and much refreshed by a short nap," and he lifted her down to her mother.

"She was fast asleep in a bundle of hay when I found her, while the gray mare was regarding her with grave curiosity."

"Thanks, Mr. Rupert, you are so kind," said Helen, as she took the wisps of hay from Nell's tangled curls.

"Have you thanked Mr. Rupert, darling?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, and gave him a kiss! Won't you too, mamma?"

No Chance for Late Comers.

Guest—What do you have green corn on the bill for if you can't serve it?
Waiter—See dat gent wiv d' two monnyments 'longside him?
Guest—Yes.
Waiter—Well, dem's cobs.—*Puck.*

But just then the wisps of hay seemed very refractory, and needed all Helen's attention; and when she stood erect again, her color was much deeper than even her previous stooping posture could account for.

As Rupert again shouldered his rake and walked down the garden path, he smiled and thought of that blush, wondering if it presaged any good to him. For, be it known, Rupert McEwen was deeply in love with Helen Crawford, and the possibility that he might make her his wife filled him with overwhelming joy. The young farmer knew that he had many advantages to offer. He knew that she was now in his mother's house because she had no home of her own, save the humble and precarious one that she might win by her own exertion, and that the time had come to her when she had feared that she could no longer make that exertion. He realized with horror and despair how poor she was; how hard had been the demands made upon her, and he longed with all a man's strength and a lover's intensity to cast aside those irksome bonds. But did she love him? Was she willing to marry him?—to place her precious child, as well as herself, in his keeping. It was with alternate hope and fear that Rupert recalled many words and looks of hers when they had spoken together.

Helen carried her little girl to their own room.

"Oh, Nell, what have you done?" she cried, placing the baby on the bed and burying her face in the little one's neck.

"What is it, mamma dear? Didn't you want to kiss Rupert? Don't you love him, mamma?"

Her mother covered the too candid lips with her kisses.

"Hush, dearie," she said, and took up some work from a table and began to sew. But she soon let it drop, and clasped her hands together.

"I must go," she said to herself, "must leave this happy home—alas, must tear my baby away! I am well and strong. I am ready to go back to drudgery and I will, ever thankful for this bright spot in my life! I will go, however they resent or misjudge my doing so."

So, when Helen told her friends next day of her determination to return at once to Toronto, she withstood all their objections and entreaties, and proved firm, although much distressed at seeming to oppose them without cause.

That evening she had agreed to go with Rupert for a short stroll before tea, and went to the house to get wraps for herself and Nell. When she was gone the child ran down to the garden gate, and when Rupert looked after her he saw her talking to a man who had but then come up. The young farmer followed and joined the group just as she, rather shyly, went towards the stranger, who was holding out his hand to her.

Rupert saw that the man was weak and worn; that his eyes were sunken and his face emaciated. He opened the gate.

"You look ill," he said. "I will get you some wine. Come, Nell."

The man came in and walked after them.

"Nell—Nell Crawford," he repeated.

"The child's name suits me, I addressed you."

"Yes, and the child herself. I am her father."

And as Rupert McEwen looked at the speaker in speechless wonder, Helen came from the house with a shawl wrapped around her. As she drew near every vestige of color disappeared from her face, and she stood still, like one turned to stone.

"I have come back, Helen. Naturally, you are not glad to see me," said the stranger.

"No," she said presently, and her voice was dry and cold. "Naturally, I am not glad to see you. Having gone as you did, why have you come back?"

"I scarcely know. Perhaps to see the child."

Helen's lip curled with scorn, and Rupert, standing by, motionless and white, thought he had never before seen a woman look so hard and severe.

"After two years of desertion," she said bitterly, "one might suppose that the edge had worn off your grief for the separation."

"It hasn't," he replied incoherently. "Will you come here, little one? Will you kiss me?"

Nell was gazing very seriously at the sick man. Why was her mamma so cross to him, she wondered—her gentle, sweet mamma.

She paused a moment, then walked over to the bench.

"I think I will," she said very deliberately, "since you asked me. Some people kiss me without asking."

And she raised her soft, dewy lips to his.

"Thank you, my dear!" he said, then turned to Rupert.

"You spoke of wine. Please get me some, I am faint."

And as the young man left them on this errand, the new comer guest, looking up to the wife he had so injured, spoke these words to her and she recognized the fact that the weak, whispering tones would not long be heard in this world.

"Helen, since ever I married you I have brought you only grief, but now I am going to give you one thing that you may value—your freedom. I am dying."

Helen Crawford looked at him in silence, then she took her child's hand in her own and laid them in his.

"You have wronged us both," she said, "but if our pardon can make you die more tranquilly, it is yours."

Mrs. McEwen's kind and hospitable heart was at once moved at the sight of suffering; she threw open a spare room at once to the sick man who had come to her door, and there he died, nursed by her with the tenderest humanity.

It was on the first night of his return that Rupert said to Helen, as they stood together by a window:

"When you came here, Helen, they told my mother you were a widow, and this evening, this very evening, I meant to ask you to be my wife!"

"Ah, but I would have said 'no'—You know why now."

"But tell me, is that the only reason?"

She raised her eyes to his, with all her varied emotions burning in them, and put out her hand.

"Do not ask me that just now," she said gently, "not now!"

Helen Crawford did not wear widow's weeds nor dress her child in meaningless black, nor did she leave the house at Glennora. Perhaps some months after her husband's death, Rupert McEwen begged her to be its young mistress and his mother's daughter, she gave him a peaceful, happy smile of content and remained.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies will appear in the order they reach the office of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Questions, stamps or postal cards are not required. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

CYRUS—I shall always be glad to hear from you, though I won't call you my "paper child." I have no maternal instincts towards your delicate inclined-to-be-bookish.

GRADUS—Springtime's study was in direct violation of rule 3. As only one coupon was enclosed, I presume you wished the writing to be studied and not your own.

EUGAN S.—Tenacity, identity, some self-assertion, but rather a lack of self-reliance. Most of the tendencies are elevated and noble. Care is good, but judgment defective and effort not sustained.

SHALLAGHER.—Good business methods, correct judgment, rather a tendency for comfort, excellent discretion, amounting to reserve or secretiveness, amiable temper, self-control, taste and ability are shown.

WINDY CITY.—Temperamental and hasty, slightly careless, cautious but candid, sometimes abrupt, with refined feeling and plenty of nervous energy, probably inclined to certain ideals, constant in affections and not over self-reliant.

KENRIC.—This is the writing of a busy person, full of life and energy, self-indulgent, indifferent to many of the conventionalities, erratic in fancy, rather ambitious, self-willed, fond of company and disposed to stay on life's sunny side.

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PERSEVERO GIRL.—1. Great tact, strong and quick sympathy, will, hope, adaptability and good nature are shown. Writer has keen sense of beauty, refined taste, and some imagination. Humor is strong and judgment good, while love of ease and creature comforts is also marked. 2. The lucky stone for May is turquoise.

TRICK.—This is rather a self-opinionated and crotchety person of excellent ability and chary of making friends. She also has a temper, is hard to convince, clings to old ideas and ways, has a peculiar disposition, rather a puzzle to some people, but a true and loyal friend; is slightly romantic and fond of meditation.

RIDEAU.—Self-respect, perseverance, care and some pride are shown in this very interesting study. Writer is vivacious, fond of society, hasty in speech and apt to change first impressions on fuller knowledge; energy, order and good sequence of ideas are shown, as well as a refined taste and a decided liking for life's good things.

LOUISA B.—Some imagination, and a quietly humorous turn, rather open in speech, careless and easily adapting oneself to circumstances, judgment not intuitive, calmness and tact able to be improved, individuality not striking, and taste very good; constancy excellent and temper ditto; self-control not strong, but evidences of dormant capabilities very plain.

GIL MATE.—I think you have failed to read rule 3; however, as you have given me a few words beside the study, I will do what I can with them. Haste, impulse, strong feeling and some adaptability are shown. Writer likes a change, and is apt to sheer away from trouble of any kind. Refined taste is shown, with much strength and ability, vivacity and love of society are shown.

INKWIRES.—Identity, desire for effect, generosity, small tact, some originality in thought and method, good self-esteem, some taste and rather refined feeling, not much care for creature comfort, but a keen appreciation of order and neatness, extreme carefulness of detail, an unusually mind, some sense of humor, lack of intuitive perception, but rather a naturally sensitive nature.

ANDROMACHE.—This is a persevering, determined, constant nature, tenacious of rights and opinions, compassionate and fond of social intercourse, likewise apt to prefer the softest corner; some lack of finish and refinement is counterbalanced by strength and honesty; self-respect and decision are good, and some humor evident. Writer is mirthful and appreciative and a little ambitious.

RESELNU.—This writing shows lack of refinement and want of judgment. It is easily at variance with the nose of plume. At the same time it has some good traits: prudence, independence, some temperance and brightness of fancy, and a certain honesty and generosity may be the seed of future excellence. As to the very unanalytic question which concludes the study I can i fer no solution.

TUESDAY.—Your writing shows slight indiscretion in speech and promness to excessive candor, very determined and constant effort, though apt to conserve energy and condemn discursiveness; writer is not over-trusting, and has good common sense, though her judgment is not always infallible; some refinement, rather a conservative mind, ease and facility of expression and sturdy self-respect are shown.

MCGLASHIN.—1. Your spelling of the wordfie correct. 2 A good wash for oily hair is luke warm water with a few drops of ammonia, not too much, as it will make the hair wiry. 3. You are bright and hopeful, slightly devoid of tact, but very truthful and sincere. I think you are a little impulsive and not well stocked with patience, slightly fanciful, a wee bit fickle and, like wise, will lose some crudeness as you grow older.

ESSEXIL.—1 *The Telegram* and *Mail.* 2 I hope you succeeded in getting the change you wished for. 3. Your writing shows a very practical and sensible mind, tact and constancy. You are not either ambitious or conceited and are worthy of trust. You are an diplomat, being rather frank and blunt but honest and fairly good-tempered; some energy and impulse well controlled, and sufficient self-reliance are shown.

BIG FOOT.—The coupon was above the clipping which you sent with it. How is it you did not see it? Your writing may you are full of fun, rather fickle, a little romantic, strongly tenacious of any pet ject and apt to carry your plans to a conclusion, cautious and at the same time impetuous, excellent temper, careful method, large self-esteem; a breezy, hearty, independent nature, rather hard to hold but decidedly likely to make a success of life.

FERD.—You jaze persevering in effort, amiable and prudent, slightly careless in small matters, fond of a good time, kind and sympathetic, apt to laugh a good deal, but not witty yourself, a plain, honest and conscientious character, with a due sense of your own shortcomings, and not by any means wanting in ability and capability of good work. While not in the least effeminate, you are fond of beauty and apt to show good taste in your surroundings.

BEATRICE HAWTHORN.—Your writing gives me a cramp. It is decidedly original, but not at all attractive. It shows great penchant for the opposite sex, perfidious and obstinate will, carelessness in expression and lack of caution and reserve. I should say you would most respect the quality of courage and the accident of good looks in man. I also hear the opinion that you are rather domineering yourself and have a smart temper, and you are both egotistical and critical.

HANKINS.—Refinement, sympathy and many hints of feminility are in these dainty lines; some sharpness of temper is shown, and ambition, imagination, affection and decision are strong. I could not help laughing at your mistake. Perhaps you thought the editor is a cranky Partner. The most amiable people get that way sometimes, and then the name was so misleadingly 'masculine. I think you are strongly conventional and at the same time original. I hope you will write to me again.

BARBARA.—The study is in some respects similar to Beatrice Hawthorn's. I think the two writers must be closely related. If Barbara will fancy herself another and a milder Beatrice, with more sympathy and vivacity and less dictatorial egotism, the same lack of gentleness and cultured taste and an utter want of humor, she will perhaps come near her graphological confessions. Both studies are strong and full of character, but feminility lacks in one and the other.

BEATRICE.—1. I am afraid you did not succeed in renting the flats. There was such a demand for them that several purchasers offered to visit your house. The leading firm object to renting. I asked several but could not get you one. 2. Your writing shows impulse, some caprice and love of novelty, rather an unromantic and matter-of-fact nature, good temper, ambition, some humor, independent thought. A slight consciousness of fibre would be the better of your careful writing.

EGBERT, N. Y.—There is nothing ill-natured about this study. Good sense and good nature are shown, good judgment, and rather outspoken opinions, far-reachi g sympathies and very strong affections, broad tolerance and generous views, a little tendency to despotd, intuition, artistic taste and humor quaint and original are its winsome features. I don't fancy an intimate friendship would hide the rays of such a bright and clear light as shines over them My compliments to you, Eugene. You ought to be rath r more than nice. Perhaps you are not quite practical enough though!

ARIEL.—1. Refined feeling, sensitive and quick sympathy, co n and observant method, some selfishness, amiable temper, rather elegant and cultured taste, gentleness of manner and speech, caution, prudence and a disposition to se. rctiveness, honesty, humor, some ambition. I think writer lacks determination and generosity, also a little narrow in opinions. 2. It would be inexcusable. If you don't know both of the brothers' names, or which is the elder, simply call them each Mr So and So, as the case may be, when introducing them to a lady. To the Messrs. anybody, is an impossibility, and would sound like a hotel list, or a newspaper item.

NYL C.—I am rather surprised at your question. There is but one answer possible. Such a girl who has proper dignity and self-respect. Such a girl doesn't cut her herself in love with a young man who is indifferent to her. If such be her unfortunate condition she scarcely admits it to herself, and she would be a great goose to "try and make him love her." Love is not to be compelled. 2. I see nothing to prevent your making a good housekeeper. Your other questions are too silly to fill this column with. 3. You are amiable, affected, decidedly self-assertive and rather fond of your own way, rather cautious and prudent, a little bit disingenuous, lacking in culture, tact and refinement. I excuse some of your failings as I think your study is immature.

ALTON.—I think I have had ocular demonstration that you have accomplished your desire. Is it not so? Should enjoy a ride with you, some day! No doubt you met with discouraging remarks from a cynical relative. It is a peculiarity of the bicycle rider that she has to listen to remarks on her taste, which would not be uttered in her hearing, on any other idiosyncracy (as her friends regard it). Perhaps, as I was distinctly trying cycling as a health-imparting scheme, I didn't have such a tedious time as some, who go in for it for pleasure. But you and I know, that, remarked or let alone, we are happy on our wheels, so happy that carping or jealous remarks are scarcely heard and never heeded. More power to you! I have captured a paragraph for Lo Belmont's consideration which I hope you may see this week. Thanks a thousand times for kind words and wishes.

LITTLE DORRIT.—1. I am glad you look on me as a friend, my child. I was truly sorry to hear that you had found occasion to verify my delineation and "hear sorrow well." Take courage, little one, sorrow must come to all, and how it affects us depends almost entirely on ourselves. I hope your very great loss will make you more patient. Care can feel and more anxious to honor her memory by living as the dear mother would have had you live. 2. Send along your study with enclosed coupon; or, is it the one you now enclose to which you refer? 3. Kindergartens may enter on a training course in a public school as assistants to a teacher. The successful successes are great patience, quick sympathy and a pleasant manner, also some ingenuity. 4. Well, I think I can make all the songs and games and study Froebel's method at home, also the forms of light and beauty which are evolved from the various colored pasted papers. I hope you will write whenever you feel like it.

RANDY.—You give me rather a difficult task, my friend; if the circumstances of your life relate, and the obscure wrote to his friend what were proved to be falsehoods, I think he has a right to be angry with them. The young man has any right to feel aggrieved—"insulted" is your expression—because a man either tires of her society, or in time leaves it for the attractions of a more fascinating or wealthier lady. As the verses you wish me to criticise, they are a well which condemned to one was taken and the other (the writer) left! It is no use wailing like that over any man. They don't care, bless you!

Discouraging.

"This is the first poem I ever wrote," said the maiden, as she untied the pink ribbon and smoothed out the roll.

At Narragansett Pier.

"How many *fiances* have you?"

"Three."

"Is that all? Why, I have five, and they're all rich."

"But one of mine is willing to marry."

Insulting.

She—Oh, Claude! when we plays de champeon game can't yo' lie yo' knees together somehow? Yo' couldn't stop a watermellin wid dem laigs, much less de tennis ball.

His Style of Beauty.

Miss Pert—I've never seen Mr. Bjenks. Is he a handsome man?

Miss Flyrte—Handsome? Well, that's a matter of opinion. My own idea is that if beauty were subject to taxation, Mr. Bjenks would be entitled to a pension.

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HEAD

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Music.

I WAS sorry that Mr. Rutter's letter reached the office too late for comment on my part in last week's issue, and I hope that the gentleman will not think me lacking in courtesy inasmuch as his contribution was given to the world in all its natural loveliness. I must congratulate Mr. Rutter on his frankness and candor, in fact I think he is something like that class of humorists who are called unconscious humorists, for he has corroborated—unconsciously—every detail I gave concerning the Typothetæ banquet and its singers, even to the extent of closing his effusion with a reference to the "paid singers, not guests."

I have had a most entertaining letter from Miss Hillary, dated from Bayreuth, where she had been drinking in the beauties of Parsifal, Tannhæuser, Meistersinger, and Tristan and Isolde. She wrote in a delicious, old-time rose garden, the air mellowed by the sound of neighboring mountain-horns, and evidently felt herself thoroughly attuned to her surroundings. Miss Hillary has spent an ideal summer, her tournee embracing Boulogne, Amiens, Rouen, Paris, Antwerp, Brussels, Cologne, Mayence, Heidelberg, Strasburg, Switzerland, Carlsruhe, Bayreuth, Dresden and Leipzig. She expects to return to Toronto about September 15.

*

The Philharmonic Society has issued its annual circular, announcing the resumption of its rehearsals on Tuesday evening, September 20. It announces great success in the matter of applications for membership, over two hundred having been received by the first of the month. The society announces three public concerts, two of which will be orchestral and miscellaneous, and one being choral. The latter will include Sullivan's Golden Legend and Handel's Acis and Galatea, both of which are announced to be sung by the society at the World's Fair.

*

Similar success is attending the affairs of the Toronto Vocal Society, which begins its rehearsals on Monday evening, September 19. Its roll of members is filling up in the most gratifying manner, many new members with excellent voices being received. The selection of pieces for performance at its first concert is one of pleasing variety and of great musical excellence, and the committee look forward to making this concert one of the best in its history.

*

Mr. Arthur E. Fisher has been engaged during the summer holidays upon the composition of his cantata, The Wreck of the Hesperus. It is for ladies' voices, and is composed especially for performance by Miss Hillary's Ladies' Choral Club, and will be published by Curwen of London, England. I was favored, a few evenings ago, by participating in a reading of the works, and I was surprised—not that my friend Fisher's good work should surprise me—by the excellence of the composition. Mr. Fisher has been most happy in his conception of the spirit of Longfellow's words, and his setting is delightful throughout, and in many places grand. Throughout the whole work he has been so fortunate as to secure a charming spontaneity alike in the vocal work and in the accompaniments. The latter flow in sparkling and beautiful harmonies, and are thoroughly descriptive, and the choruses are strong and musicianly, yet sweet and elegant withal. I look for a thorough success when Miss Hillary's talented young ladies appear before the public with this latest production of a Canadian pen.

*

It is not long since I penned a Jeremiade over the absence of current Canadian composition, and I am sure that all who are interested in the development of the higher phases of musical effort in our midst will be pleased to hear that in Mr. Fisher's work the ball has again been set rolling. Probably there are many musicians in Canada who are competent and willing to write in the more ambitious forms of musical art, but who are deterred from doing so by the inability to find vehicles of performance of their efforts. This should give us food for thought. Our societies are very prone to appeal to patriotism—even if it is only local patriotism—for support in their endeavors. This is quite just and proper and no one can find fault with it. Those who have money and taste form a legitimate constituency for our societies to go to, but a little divergence from the often misread rule that charity should begin at home would bear consideration. The Toronto Vocal Society is considering the proposition that it should offer a prize for the best four-part song written by a resident Canadian composer, and it is to be hoped that it will decide favorably. Though only one work may be chosen it would mean a healthy stimulus to the writers of other works, many or all of which might be meritorious and worthy of presentation though not absolutely the best of those offered. This might and should lead to endeavor in a larger and more ambitious field, and such efforts would exert an effect on all who come within the influence of those who aspire to fame and recognition, which cannot but be beneficial. Yet fame and recognition are not the only factors which go to make up the composer's incentive. The true composer has a higher spirit than that which seeks material advantages or that of reputation. The creative instinct is a subtler feeling than this. A man watches with joy the development of musical thought which is in him, and his production is a child of love and reverence for his art. Its birth is a joy and gladness to him, even if no eyes but his own ever see it and none but his own ears ever hear it. It is from simple-hearted men of this sort that some of the greatest and highest ornaments of our art have come. For all this, it is better that such efforts should be given to the world that all may share the joy and pleasure of their creators, and progress, so-called, stands still if we must continue to be purely executive and not creative as well. Mr. Fisher and the Ladies' Choral Club have made a noble start; let others follow in their footsteps.

*

Our clever young townsman, Mr. A. S. Vogt, seemed not so long ago to be in danger of being deemed, by those with whom he disagreed in questions of musical art, a sort of musical Samson who was trying to pull down about his ears the temple of musical journalism and the contributors thereto, because he advanced in bold terms the cause of orchestral music, and according to the views of his detractors started in to wage a crusade against the "oratorio nuisance." He was bombarded in contributions to the daily papers in Toronto, was accounted a heretic of the most dangerous kind in London, and was mildly looked upon as daft in the United States. In fact, life would have been a burden to him, and he would have had no excuse for continuing to live, had he not been too like Banquo's ghost that "would not down." However, he girded up his loins, shook his mane—no, that won't do, he is too like myself, our manes are gone—and went forth to war with blood in his eye. His war was a gentle one, however, only one of explanation. Victory has perched upon his banners, and his triumphal progress has begun. The Reading *Musical News*, whose comments upon Mr. Vogt's alleged lunacy were copied with avidity (I am afraid that my tropes are getting mixed) in England, has come out in its last number with an apology to Mr. Vogt upon being shown the letter which called forth all the fury, and now looks upon him as a sane man, and will look up to saying that his letter "contained suggestions of great practical value and worthy of adoption by all our oratorio societies." Seriously speaking, Mr. Vogt was right. That in practice many of those who condemned him were thinkers and workers on the same line, is shown by past programmes of our oratorio societies, and by the efforts now being made to organize a series of orchestral concerts.

*

Mr. Harry M. Field has returned from Leipsic, where he has spent the past two years in perfecting himself on his chosen instrument. I have heard him play since his return and was highly gratified to see the increase in breadth and power in both interpretation and technique. Mr. Field was always a poetic player. To this charm he now adds that of greater maturity and virility, and the success which lies before him is a pleasing promise to that feeling which looks for advancement as well as recognition in our art among native Canadian talent.

MEYNONOME.

The Little Nihilist.

A nihilist gathering in a large, dimly lighted room in the Russian capital. It is a strange throng—old men, old women, young men and girls yet in their teens—all wearing a look of earnest expectancy. A black box is passed to each to take the little ball which releases him from duty or compels him to become a murderer. A young girl of seventeen, strikingly beautiful and looking strangely out of place in such an assemblage, places her hand in the box, smiling, and takes one of the little balls. She holds it to the light. A faint shriek comes from her lips, and she almost sinks to the floor.

It is the fatal black ball! The young girl recovers herself and advances to the president's table, her mouth set firmly, and takes the sealed envelope he holds out to her, which condemns her to commit murder.

In a daintily furnished boudoir in a palatial residence a light is still burning, though the night is almost spent. At a table sits a beautiful girl with her chin in her white hands, and her glorious eyes, feverishly bright, staring straight ahead.

And this is the czar's elected assassin!

A cry bursts from her lips: "I cannot! O my God, I cannot!" She remembers—remembers the pauper child of five, trampled in the street by fiery horses—remembers the kindly, fatherly man before whom all men bowed, who took her into his sleigh, which was just passing, and carried her in his own arms to the imperial palace. She remembers that he gave her a home, education, friends, all.

She is a nihilist—but she is grateful.

The girl lifts her head and looks about the room. Then she takes a picture—her lover's—from her bosom, and looks at it lingeringly. The light burns low. . . . . She rises, takes a little phial, and turns to the couch near at hand. . . . She kneels a moment before a crucifix on the wall, then casts herself on the couch and puts the phial to her lips.

They find her there in the morning, a smile of happiness on her sweet, dead face.

The czar never knows—but the angels do.—*Short Stories.*

An Agnostic.

Mr. Knowells—I am told that he doesn't believe in anything.

Mr. Growells—How can he? He doesn't know anything.

Extravagant.

Physician (to dying editor)—My poor friend, I can not conceal the truth from you any longer. You have only half an hour to live.

Editor *Clarion* (feebly)—Doctor, will you please tell the foreman, when I am gone, to place my obituary on the front page, top of column, next to pure reading matter? I wonder if I am extravagant in indulging myself in that luxury for once in my life?

Poor Man!

Professor—What terrible affliction did Homer have?

Pupil—He was a poet, sir.

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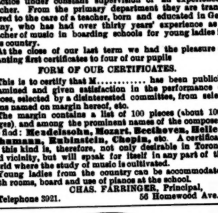

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MR. HARRY M. FIELD, PIANO VIRTUOSO, HAS returned from a two year's residence in Germany, where he has been studying with Professor Martin Krause, the greatest and most famous teacher in Europe. Mr. Field also studied from '81 to '83 with Dr. Prof. Carl Reinecke in Leipzig and had the rare advantage of a course with Dr. Hans Von Bulow, in Frankfort in '87. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. For terms apply at Toronto College of Music and 105 Gloucester street.

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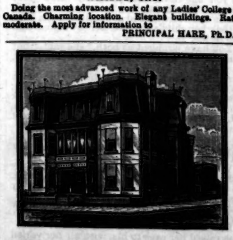

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

material in the world of fashion, with ribbon girdle, and Irish lace draperies. Mr. Frank Hodgins was best man, and two little children, Chester and Myra Hamilton, were also in attendance on the bride. A concealed orchestra played the Wedding March as Miss Hamilton was led by her father to the drawing-room. After the marriage ceremony and *déjeuner*, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins left for a tour across the lines, where they will reside in future, Mr. Hodgins being pastor of a fine parish in Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia. Among the bridal gifts was a diamond brooch from Mr. Hamilton, a silver coffee service from the parents of the groom, and scores of lovely articles, both rich and artistic, from Miss Hamilton's many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Strong of London, Mr. and Mrs. Brunton of Newmarket and Miss Rose of Welland, were among the guests.

•

Mrs. Nevill and family, Ontario street, have returned home from the Sand Banks.

•

Mrs. Hector Lamont, who has been an invalid for several weeks, is now able to be about again.

•

Cards are out for a dance to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Piper, on Monday next at the Aquatic Association Hall, Center Island.

•

Mr. James Hennesey, the wealthy bookbinder of 739 Broadway, New York City, has been in the city the past week. Mr. Hennesey is accompanied by his wife and family. He leaves for Detroit to visit his uncle, whom he has not seen for forty years.

•

Miss L. Coxwell, of Ferulcigh, Niagara-on-the-Lake, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. James L. Miller of King street, London.

•

Prof. and Mrs. Cameron, of Toronto University, have taken up house on Borden street.

•

Mrs. Joseph Watson, Miss Childs and Mr. Harry Pease have returned from a visit at Muskoka, where they were the guests of Miss Eaton of Avenue road.

•

Mrs. W. R. Pringle has returned from an interesting and pleasant visit at Ottawa, where her husband, Lieut. Pringle, covered himself with glory in the shooting competition.

•

Mrs. Carveth is spending September at Long Branch.

•

Dr. Byron E. Ghent of King street east died very suddenly in Montana on Monday last.

•

Mrs. George Macdonald and family of St. George street have returned from a very pleasant visit to Mrs. Crane at Point Claire. Mrs. Macdonald has removed to a spacious residence on Isabella street, and the east end gains a charming hostess.

•

The beautiful suburb of East Rosedale is still quite deserted, so many of its fair residents being away for their holidays.

•

The family of Mr. Henry Darling has been in the Catskills and is expected back soon.

•

Miss Anna Hamilton of Glen Lodge is at Yoho and her sisters Misses May and Fossie have gone to visit Ottawa friends.

•

Mrs. Edgar Jarvis has returned from a pleasant visit to the Georgian Bay.

•

Rev. T. C. and Mrs. Street-Macklem also returned from their beautiful summer residence at Parry Sound, where many Toronto friends had the pleasure of meeting them.

•

Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy and family have returned from their summer outing.

•

Miss Kate Holmes of Winnipeg is the guest of Miss Mabel Morrison of Huron street.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stewart have settled in Spokane, Washington.

•

Colonel G. T. Denison and Mrs. Denison have returned from their Muskoka residence, Heydon Island.

•

Mr. E. A. H. Haggart of Kingston, Jamaica, was present at the opening of the Exhibition on Tuesday.

•

A very matutinal wedding was that of Mr. A. P. Walker, assistant engineer and surveyor of the C. P. R., and Miss N. Synder of Beamsville. The ceremony took place in the Erskine Presbyterian church, at half-past seven. Mr. Walker was presented with a handsome silver sugar and cream service by his friends in the C. P. R. Mr. and Mrs. Walker left for a honeymoon trip through the eastern states.

•

A very pleasant lawn party and concert was held yesterday evening at Scarboro' in aid of St. Margaret's church. A large number drove out to it from Toronto and had a most enjoyable time.

•

A merry little bonfire party was given by Miss Linton of Glenarm, Hanlan's Point, last Wednesday evening.

•

Signor Pierre Delasco arrived in Toronto on Monday last for a short visit to friends.

•

The engagement of Dr. W. Hamilton Merritt of St. Catharines and Miss Hudson, daughter of the late Judge Hudson of Memphis, Tennessee, is announced. The marriage will take place in October.

•

Rev. Canon Cayley has returned from a pleasant holiday trip in Muskoka.

•

Rev. Mr. Loutez is in the city and intends remaining a month. He took part in the services at St. George's church last Sunday evening.

•

Miss Effie Michie has been visiting friends in Sutton for a week.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis of Ottawa have come to Toronto to reside. They have taken a pretty house on Brunswick avenue.

•

Mr. Charles Stewart of Ottawa is spending a few days in town.

•

Mrs. Phillips of John street has been staying at Niagara recently.

•

Miss Lowe of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. R. A. Pyne of Gerrard street.

•

Mr. and Mrs. MacIntyre of Cecil street have returned from Muskoka, where they spent a few very pleasant weeks.

•

Miss Moore has been visiting Mrs. Ince of St. George street recently.

•

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Scott have returned from Montreal. Mrs. Scott has gone to Muskoka for September.

•

The Misses Milligan and Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald and family have returned from Penetanguishene.

•

Mr. H. Cherry is enjoying a holiday trip.

•

A jolly fishing and exploring party started off recently for the Saugeen river, County of Bruce. Among the pleasure seekers were: Commodore Kingsmill, R. N., Judge Kingsmill of Huron and Nicol Kingsmill, Q. C.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Persse are in town for a few weeks, and during their stay here will be the guests of Mr. R. M. Persse of 18 Triller avenue.

•

Dr. Baldwin, formerly of Winnipeg, has taken up his residence in Toronto.

•

Mrs. S. R. Hunter and family have returned to Winnipeg after a month's visit to Toronto.

•

Miss Jessie Alexander is away on a professional tour to British Columbia.

•

Rev. E. R. Young of Toronto is visiting in Winnipeg.

•

Mr. Samuel Scott, sanitary officer, was united in the bonds of matrimony last evening to Miss Lottie Acton, at the residence of the bride's father, 56 Beverley street. The ceremony was performed by brother of the groom, Rev. George Scott of Cookstown. The happy couple left for a tour through the Old Country.

•

Mrs. H. D. Ellis and Miss Susie Jones returned from Sturgeon Point on Wednesday last.

•

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Ellis left yesterday for North Bay for two weeks' sport.

•

Miss Smallpeice of 47 Avenue road is visiting friends at Guelph.

•

Miss May Hughes of Jarvis street has just returned from a pleasant visit to Good Cheer, the beautiful island of Chancellor Boyd in Georgian Bay.

•

Mrs. Ferrier, Ottawa, is visiting her sister Mrs. R. S. Neville, Ontario street.

•

Mr. Lancelot Middleton of the general superintendent's department, C. P. R., Toronto leaves by the steamship Mongolian on September 17 for a trip to England.

•

Miss Kennedy of Beverley street and Miss McCluag of Church street have returned from Asbury Park and New York.

•

Mrs. Anglin has been receiving at the residence of her mother, Queen street avenue, this week.

•

Mrs. Proctor of Grenville street has returned home after an extended visit to her daughter at Denver, Colorado.

•

Miss Capreol of Wellington Place has returned after a five weeks' visit to New York.

•

Miss L. Patterson has returned from St. German's, Orillia, where she has spent the summer.

•

Miss Luella King of Barrie is visiting friends in this city.

•

Mr. H. H. Wood has been spending his holidays at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

•

The Misses Lockhart, who have been visiting Mrs. J. Crowther at Cobourg, have returned to Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

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And the Italo-American Exhibition which closes in December. Chevalier A. E. F. Gianelli, who will accompany the party, has made arrangements that will result in making this excursion through Italy the most complete which has ever been organized on this side of the Atlantic.

A limited number of cabins have been secured for this excursion and will be kept on reserve up to the 30th of this month. Return tickets will be valid on any steamers of the North German Lloyd, via Southampton.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births

DAVIS—At 71 Van Sittart avenue, Woodstock, Saturday, September 3, Mrs. Wm. Mahlon Davis—a daughter, still born.
ARTHUR—August 24, Mrs. E. C. Arthur—a son.
AIRD—September 2, Mrs. John Aird—a son.
TYTLER—August 30, Mrs. W. Tytler—a daughter.
GOODERHAM—August 30, Mrs. W. G. Gooderham—a daughter.
ROBERTSON—August 25, Mrs. David Robertson—a son.
WALLACE—September 1, Mrs Edwin R. Wallace—a daughter.
BRINNELL—September 3, Mrs. Albert Brinnell—a son.
DOAN—August 31, Mrs. A. E. Doan—a son.
JOHNSTON—September 5, Mrs. David Johnston—a son.
COLEMAN—September 6, Mrs. E. C. Coleman—a daughter.
WILLSON—September 5, Mrs. Alfred Willson—a daughter.
THOMPSON—September 1, Mrs. David Thompson—a daughter.

Marriages.

PRESTON—FITZGERALD—At Millbrook, on August 30, 1891, John A. V. Preston to Charlotte M. Fitzgerald.
HODGINS—HAMILTON—September 6, James G. Hodgins to Henrietta E. Hamilton.
FORREST—MORRIS—August 17, Charles Forrest to Edith Morris.
HIDER—MOORE—September 1, Henry Hider to Mary Moore.
MUIR—BRUNSKILL—September 1, T. J. Muir to Annie F. Brunskill.
McINTOSH—RUTHERFORD—August 31, Thomas McIntosh to Margaret Rutherford.
NICHOLLS—McDOWELL—August 17, T. C. Nicholls to Cora McDowell.
TAYLOR—FRIEDRICH—September 1, W. J. Taylor to Dora Friedrich.
MANN—WRONG—September 1, E. H. Mann to Georgie Wrong.
REID—DUNCAN—September 2, Rev. H. E. A. Reid to Nellie Duncan.
PORTEOUS—MOIR—August 23, George Porteous to Agnes Moir.
DENNISTOWN—BECK—September 6, Robert Maxwell Dennistoun to Mary Mildred Louisa Beck.
BOYD—BROOKS—September 6, Walter Griffith Edward Boyd to Mabel Constance Brooks.
GILRAY—GROFF—September 1, Thomas Gilray to Beatrice Groff.
McKIE—SCOTT—August 31, Robert McKie to Margaret D. Scott.
ARGLES—ELLIOTT—September 2, Ernest Edward Argles to Alice Elliott.
MacGREGOR—JUNKIN—September 1, Albert J. MacGregor to Mary Junkin.
HOOPER—EDDIS—August 30, Henry Charles Lewis Hooper to Emily Constance Eddis.
MACARENEY—McDOWELL—August 31, Robert B. Macartney to A. L. McDowell.
STUCKEY—WOODLAND—August 31, Herbert Stuckey to Maggie Woodland.
McKEOUGH—STEWART—September 7, William McKeough to Mabel Stewart.

Deaths.

DELMAGE—At the residence of Mr. S. J. Sharp, 44 Brunswick avenue, September 5, Mrs. Catharine Delmage, grandmother of Mrs. Sharp, aged 87 years.
HERON—September 2, Hannah Heron.
McCALLUM—September 2, Peter McCallum, aged 87.
SALTER—August 31, Richard Enric Salter.
STEVENSON—September 6, Walter M. Stevenson, aged 1.
BISSELL—September 6, Maggie Blanche Bissell, aged 17.
GAINES—September 5, Minnie L. Gaines, aged 25.
MARWOOD—September 3, Hushel Marwood, aged 16.
GHENT—September 3, Dr. S. R. Ghent.
JONES—September 5, Mary Hettie Jones, aged 19
FAWCETT—September 3, Annie M. Fawcett, aged 53.
McPHERSON—August 30, James Burnside McPherson.
KNOX—August 31, Andrew Wright Knox, aged 60.
PARKES—August 30, Robert Parkes, aged 64.
RICHARDSON—August 31, Mary A. Richardson, aged 70.
HALLOWELL—August 29, Helen L. G. Hallowell, aged 1.
LAWRENCE—August 30, Robert M. Lawrence, aged 26.
FENNELL—September 3, Josiah Fennell, aged 53.

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